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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE threat of war in the Far East is still, as we write, only a threat. All the preparations have been made on either side—including a far more effective-looking preparation by the Chinese than most of us had expected. But there is yet ground for hope that the powder barrel will not explode. An agreement for the withdrawal of troops from certain positions in the Peking area was come to early in the week, and this was partially carried out. General Feng Chi-han's men, indeed, defied their orders and refused to leave Wanping, but this need not be taken too seriously. The chances are that the Japanese will get what they want—or at least enough to go on with for the moment—without fighting for it; Chiang Kai-shek has put up an impressive show of resistance, which may give him some temporary advantage in negotiating terms, and which was in any case forced upon him by the strength of anti-Japanese feeling in China. He is not yet strong enough for a full-dress war. But China is growing stronger: Japanese pressure will some day fuse China into a nation—at a terrible price.

The Madrid and London Fronts

Fierce fighting has continued on the Madrid front this week. The rebels claim not only to have inflicted heavy casualties on the loyalists, but to have recovered a large part of the ground recently lost. But reports from the Government side on Tuesday declared that the offensive had spent itself and failed. Meanwhile another battle has begun on the London front—inconclusive as yet, but with the advantage on the first day to General Franco's friends. The Non-Intervention Committee agreed in principle on the first proposal in the British plan—the establishment of a "control" scheme in Spanish ports—and there agreement ended. Lord Plymouth wanted to discuss next the withdrawal of "volunteers." But this, Count Grandi objected, with the support of the German and Portuguese representatives, would be putting the cart before the horse. The items must be taken in the order in which they would make withdrawal of volunteers dependent on recognition of belligerent rights instead of recognition on withdrawal. Of course, the Fascist *bloc* know that such a procedure would be fatal to the plan; that was their intention, and the suggestion of the Portuguese Ambassador, that the "misunderstanding" which had arisen was not a fundamental issue, was a thin sort of joke. Since no compromise was possible, the Committee adjourned till later in the week. We do not know whether, when it meets again, Germany and Italy will stick to their contention. But if they do not we may be sure they will have another manoeuvre for obstructing withdrawal and spinning out the grim farce and that Britain will continue to prefer to play the role of willing dupe.

The "Threat" to Gibraltar

A side-issue in the Spanish conflict emerged into prominence during Monday's parliamentary debate on foreign affairs. After Mr. Eden had announced that "this country has every intention of defending its national interest in the Mediterranean"—an interest which he defined as "freedom of traffic"—speakers from all parties pressed for information with regard to the heavy guns which, according to a report in the *Evening Standard*, have been placed in position near Algeciras, commanding both the highly vulnerable harbour of Gibraltar and the Straits. Lord Cranborne, who had the task of replying and appeared to need much prompting, gave a confused and evasive answer. He did not deny that guns had been installed or that they could "fire over" the Straits, but insisted that no guns on Spanish soil were a "present menace" to Gibraltar. The House drew the inference that the Algeciras guns trained directly on Gibraltar could be silenced by the batteries in the Rock, but that other, and probably heavier, guns twenty miles distant on Tarifa Point did, in fact, command the Straits. The disclosure was not to the Commons' liking, and even pro-Franco Tories were uneasy at this "threat to Gibraltar." If the Opposition is to be asked to co-operate in defending this sort of "national interest" in the Mediterranean, it can insist on the Government at the same time defending democracy in Spain.

Storm Over Palestine

Heavy fire was directed at the Partition of Palestine in both Houses of Parliament this week, and at the end of the Commons debate on Wednesday the Government had to agree to a modification of procedure. The scheme embodied in the White Paper is to be submitted to the League of Nations and then, after full inquiry, will come before Parliament for detailed discussion. This will mean some delay—how much we do not yet know—and there are many, doubtless, who hope it will wreck Partition. But that is very unlikely; the great majority, we believe, support Partition with all its admitted defects. Most of the opposition to it is based on hopes which the facts do not warrant, or on appeals to sentiment or abstract justice which take too little account of history, psychology, politics and economics. It is sheer delusion to suppose the Arabs in their present state of mind are prepared for "peaceful co-operation" with the Jews, or that the British Government—this one or any other—is in a position to induce them to change their minds. Nor can we see them accepting even Lord Samuel's solution, with its drastic limitation of Jewish rights (and what, by the way, do the Zionists think of his plan?). Partition is, in fact, the most practicable and promising of the alternatives, and we hope that its critics, having said their worst against the principle, will get down to the important business of amending the Commission's scheme in detail.

The Supreme Court Battle

M. Blum is not the only statesman who can legitimately complain of the power of moneyed interests to mobilise opposition to progressive policies. President Roosevelt is having to cope with rapidly increasing antagonism to his modified plan for the reorganisation of the Supreme Court. Opponents of the Bill, which is now before the Senate, are arguing that its passage would mean "one-man rule" over industry, agriculture and labour; the press is almost universally hostile to the measure; and the Senate is so equally divided that delaying tactics designed to ensure that the reforms are shelved, at any rate over the summer vacation, seem likely to succeed. An important defection from the President's camp this week has been that of Governor Lehman of New York State, who has denounced the Court Bill on the ground that it could be used by an ill-intentioned Administration "for the purpose of oppression." Coming from a previously fervent partisan of Mr. Roosevelt's, this declaration has stimulated Wall Street but dismayed the President's wavering supporters in the Senate despite the election of a pro-Rooseveltian as Democratic leader in the place of the late Senator Robinson.

Bigger Battleships?

The Bill to ratify the 1936 Naval Treaty, supplemented now by bilateral Anglo-German and Anglo-Russian pacts, secured a second reading on Tuesday without a division. The Treaty, in fact, means so little in the way of real limitation of naval armaments and has so many "escape" clauses that it evokes neither opposition nor enthusiasm; and in any case it lacks the adherence of both Italy and Japan. There is to be a truce until 1943 in the building of 8-inch gun cruisers (with reservations in the case of Germany and Russia); and the size of battleships is to be limited to 35,000 tons. The effort, however, to restrict maximum gun calibre to 14 inches has proved finally abortive. Last March Japan announced that she could not be bound by this gun limit, and the U.S.A. is now laying down two 35,000-ton ships mounting each nine 16-inch guns. In Tuesday's debate Mr. Churchill urged that if problems of well-balanced design could be overcome and 16-inch guns mounted in 35,000 ton ships without sacrificing either speed or protective armour, plans for their installation should be prepared without delay. The Admiralty spokesman assured the House that the experts had the matter "well in hand." It is on the whole unlikely that our present programme of five 14-inch gun ships will be altered; but if Japan or Italy exceeds the Treaty displacement limit there will doubtless be an insistent Big Navy clamour for a further programme of still larger, costlier units.

The Factories Report

The Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories for 1936, which has just appeared, contains some serious criticism on two important points. There is a widespread tendency to long hours of work—not longer, it is true, than the present law allows, but in excess of the 48 hours week which is considered normal. These hours, 50, 52, 54 and even 60, are worked in many factories not only in busy periods, but often for months at a time. The Report quotes cases from a variety of industries—metals, leather, woollen and worsted, laundries. And there are still more serious cases of illegal employment, showing a scandalous exploitation of juveniles. There should be an improvement under the provisions of the new Factories Bill—if the enforcement is properly carried out, as unhappily it often is not at present. The other matter of complaint is accidents. When all allowance has been made for the unavoidable, for carelessness of

workers and so on, there is still a grave indictment against the management in many of our factories. As regards juveniles especially, the most stringent precautions are needed. The Chief Inspector suggests that we ought "to educate each employer until he feels that care for the safety of the boys and girls in his charge is an accepted responsibility, and that, with very few exceptions, any serious accident occurring among them must *ipso facto* be regarded as a definite slur on his reputation."

Night Baking

The Report on Night Baking, published this week, most surprisingly recommends, with but one dissentient, the continuance of this obnoxious practice. The only reason of substance that is given seems to be that the larger master bakers object to its abolition, and that it would hamper the big firms operating over wide areas in competition with the smaller firms. The Committee does indeed deny that the practice has been shown to be injurious to health, though its grave social disadvantages are admitted. But night baking is already forbidden by law in a number of countries, and much stronger arguments than these seem to be required to justify its retention in Great Britain. The Committee does not even propose any means of enforcing the measures that it regards as desirable for "reducing to a minimum the social disadvantages under which night baking labours." It suggests higher rates for night work as a deterrent; but merely "ventures to express the hope" that the master bakers and the operatives will set up some machinery whereby this and other reforms can be introduced by agreement. As if the operatives had not been trying to get such agreement for many years! The whole purpose of the Committee, as we understand it, was to propose remedies in face of the failure of the two sides to agree. But apparently the majority of its members took the view that it would be out of order to suggest anything the big employers disliked.

The Government and the Local Authorities

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary have reached a deadlock with the associations representing the various types of local authorities over the question of paying for air-raid precautions. The Cabinet is also in dispute with the local authorities over the affairs of the Unemployment Assistance Board. In the matter of air-raid precautions, the Government demands that local rates shall bear 30 per cent. of the cost, whereas the local authorities claim that the Government led them to expect that the entire cost would be borne out of central funds. They have refused to proceed with the scheme on the 30 per cent. basis, and the Government is now threatening to introduce a Bill to coerce them. As for the U.A.B., the local authorities claim that it is rejecting far too many applicants on the ground that they are not really "employable," with the result that the expense of maintaining them is transferred to the P.A.C.s, and thus falls wholly on local rates. Behind these two disputes is, of course, the wider question of the general relationship between central and local finance. Local rates have become more regressive than ever as a result of Mr. Chamberlain's "reforms"; and the local authorities claim that the State is trying to thrust on them an undue proportion of the burden of social services. There is no doubt that local rates are an unsatisfactory form of taxation, and that national taxation as a whole is much less unfair in its incidence. But a Chancellor with rearmament to finance is less concerned with justice than with making other agencies find as much money as possible.

Trade Unions on the Move

The Mineworkers' Federation, the railway workers, and the engineers are all advancing claims for higher wages. Mr. Marchbank, of the N.U.R., in opening his case before the Railway Staff Tribunal, brought out the fact that no fewer than 120,000 adult railway workers are still being paid less than 50*s*. a week—which lends strong support to the claim that the wage-cuts of 1931 shall be finally restored, and a new minimum of not less than 50*s*. accepted. In the case of the miners, the demand for a national wage increase is to some extent bound up with plans for reorganising the Federation as a more closely amalgamated body. The two Nottinghamshire Unions have now ratified by ballot their fusion into a single body; but each county Union in the M.F.G.B. still retains its separate existence, and complete autonomy in all local negotiations. This year's Conference is seriously considering plans for a combined National Union, as the only means of compelling the coalowners to bargain on a national basis. But there are many difficulties in the way of this; and Mr. Edwards, the M.F.G.B. Secretary, said at the Conference that in his view nothing short of the financial unification of the industry itself would make possible a national determination of wages. The miners, however, are so much dissatisfied with the working of the coal-selling schemes—which they say have been very profitable to the owners without any corresponding advantage to the miners—that they will undoubtedly go forward with a demand for a substantial wage advance.

The Ubiquitous Nazi

Last week a Congress of European National Minorities met in London. It claimed to represent many millions of people, including Germans, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Rumanians, Czechs, Bulgarians and Basques. The League of Nations neglected its duty to Minorities; it is reasonable that they should meet and discuss their grievances. But in fact the Congress was little more than a piece of Nazi propaganda. Matters came to a head when the Basques walked out of the Congress because the Committee refused to allow them to introduce the question of the German attack on their country. As Señor Labayan, the head of the Basque Delegation, puts it in a letter to us:

> It is obvious that German domination of the Congress had reduced it to nothing more than a mockery. It is no longer a Congress of European National Minorities, but merely an occasion for benevolent theorisation upon justice and equality, under the close control of those very oppressors who make their attainment impossible.

In this issue of Minorities, as in so many others, a good cause is spoilt because the Nazis promote it. But that does not excuse reasonable people from working for a just and peaceful solution. For that reason we welcome the petition, widely signed by people of authority, including leaders of the Church and Universities, Members of Parliament and writers, asking the Government to set up a commission to go into such questions as access to raw materials and world markets. After all, Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva is still on record.

JAPAN'S NEW WAR

CHINA and Japan are at last face to face; the Far East is aflame with undeclared war. It is natural that Mr. Eden should assure us, with affable impartiality, that the present situation was not deliberately provoked by either country. Practically the whole of the British press accepts the Japanese view that the incident was neither arranged nor expected and that the Chinese garrison at Wanping first fired on Japanese troops engaged in a sham attack on that city. The Chinese version, that the Japanese demanded entry into Wanping to search for a soldier who had not answered the roll call, that this was refused and the Japanese began hostilities forthwith, has received hardly any attention at all. Yet that is by far the more likely story. It may be arguable that only Chinese can see anything provocative in Japan holding large-scale manoeuvres on Chinese soil in violation of the Boxer treaty and protocol, which both limit the total number of foreign troops allowed in China to 8,200 and define the places in which they may be stationed. But even they may be allowed their suspicions when a "sham" attack is made in the middle of the night against the last railway junction in North China not under the direct control of the Japanese.

But two nations are not brought to the verge of war by an incident, however serious. The bone of contention here is nothing more nor less than political and economic control over the northern provinces adjoining Manchuria. The first attempt to sever these five provinces failed in 1935; but the Chinese were forced to set up a Political Council for Hopei and Chahar under the chairmanship of General Sung, the strongest leader then independent of Nanking. His troops, the 29th Army, were allowed to remain in Hopei, but all Central Government armies withdrew. Since that time Japan has tried to consolidate her military and economic power in North China by a mixture of force and diplomacy, and China naturally has resisted. There can be few parallels to Japanese activities in this area. The establishment of the East Hopei Autonomous Area within the demilitarised zone made possible large-scale smuggling which at one time threatened to undermine Chinese economy. The official encouragement of the drug trade (now exposed fully at Geneva) represented nothing short of a deliberate attempt to undermine the health of a whole population. The disarming of customs guards, the exertion of pressure to remove Chinese officials unsympathetic towards Japan, and the swaggering insolence of the Japanese military, all served to bring international tension to a dangerous point. In the first week of June the Chinese police arrested 300 Chinese Korean agitators and armed plain-clothes conspirators in Peiping, while parts of the 29th Army concentrated near the city in order to suppress the anticipated rising in favour of Japan. For several weeks before July 8th an incident was expected at any time.

Short of war the Chinese have few effective means of resistance. General Sung retired to his native village to sweep the tombs of his ancestors in a vain attempt to avoid the grant of concessions to Japan to build a railway from east to west across North China—a railway which would have cut off the northern provinces from the control of Nanking. Urged by the one side as part of their plan for "economic co-operation," its refusal by the other illustrates that lack of sincerity which is the hall-mark, in the Japanese view, of Chinese diplomacy. In this connection the statement of the Ambassador, Mr. Kawagoe, that North China was necessary to Manchuria did not ease the situation. The Chinese attempts to surround the East Hopei Autonomous area with customs stations in order to check smuggling were met with demands for the extension of this area itself. Yet in spite of this, the Nanking Government was gradually restoring its authority over Hopei province, a fact which bears directly on the incident. Matters were coming to a head in June.

If Tokio decided to strike, why was this particular moment chosen? The suggestion in the *Times* that the military have got out of hand, and that the "moderate" Prince Konoe looks on with pained surprise, reveals either a complete lack of political penetration or the absence of any clear desire to illuminate the issue. Only two days after the incident the "moderate" Konoe decided, while not abandoning hopes of negotiation, to take measures, not to make that negotiation possible but to strengthen the military in North China. In 1931 the army did not receive such ready civilian support. To-day, although the army is obviously whipping up enthusiasm for war in order to recover the ground lost during the Tokio *coup* of last year, there is no suggestion of disharmony in the Cabinet. Indeed, though the military methods do not always coincide with those of politicians and bankers, to suggest that either of these groups is in any sense less anxious than the other to extend the Empire is as fantastic as the proposition that Pitt deplored Wolfe's capture of Quebec. But if the military are not out of hand, why, after such valiant efforts to convince Whitehall of her peaceful intentions, and the encouraging change of tone in the *Times* since Mr. Chamberlain became Prime Minister, did Japan embark on further aggression?

Japan evidently judges correctly that she has nothing to fear from the British Government. It is the nemesis of 1931 that Japan, which is dependent on the Powers for vital raw materials and wheat, and could not possibly hold the vast area from the Amur to the Pearl river without the support of the Powers, is confident of that support. The British Premier's conciliatory attitude to Germany, a partner in Japan's only alliance, is also reassuring. "Love me, love my dog" is the first law of diplomacy. The international situation, which some months ago looked most unpromising for Japan owing to the rearmament of the U.S.A. and Great Britain, with which Japan cannot compete, the undimmed prestige of the U.S.S.R. and the talk of a Pacific Pact involving Anglo-American co-operation, has been considerably brightened for Japan by the increasing dangers of the Spanish situation, the economic policies and diplomacy of her old friend, Mr. Chamberlain, the American neutrality legislation and the apparent hopelessness of Anglo-American co-operation. And if, as is reliably reported, Australia is in favour of a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, there is an added reason for Japan's confidence and further cause to suspect the worst about British complicity.

In China itself events were sufficiently alarming to a Power which has so often declared that it cannot tolerate a strong and nationalistic neighbour. The prestige of Chiang Kai-shek has never been higher. Public opinion has grown in confidence and national unity in depth and

extent with the inclusion of the South-West within Nanking's orbit, the success of the currency changes, the remarkable stability of the regime during the Sian crisis and the growth of economic co-operation with Great Britain. For the first time China has presented demands to Tokio and insisted on equality in diplomatic negotiations. The aim of nationalising provincial armies is now practical politics. Military strength has increased in quantity and quality; the north-west armies have been reorganised into fifteen divisions, the Szechuan armies into thirty divisions, and rumour has it that even the Communist armies have been reorganised by the Central Government.

More important still, there is evidence to show that the Communist party itself is to be remodelled into a legitimate party by Chow En-lai and the son of Chiang Kai-shek, who recently returned from the U.S.S.R. after many years of estrangement. As the Communists have offered to give up their Communism, such a plan is possible and, although the reports of the existence of an understanding come from Japanese sources, it must be remembered that Japan, like Germany, has a vested interest in the existence of "dangerous thoughts." This might well be the last straw. If Japan does not strike now it may soon be too late. Hence the decision to tear the northern provinces from the living body of China, a separation which might well be fatal to Chinese unity and reconstruction, since it would remove not only a large part of her population, half her coal and much of her cotton, but also shape the course of all Chinese activities towards their recovery.

China's maximum concessions do not meet Japan's minimum demands. China might be willing to accept a return to the *status quo ante*, and has formally recognised the Hopei Chahar Political Council. She would be willing to accept Japanese economic co-operation, so long as it did not involve political domination. But it would be difficult for Chiang Kai-shek to keep his position while concurring in any further infringements of Chinese territorial and political integrity. His position is difficult, for although public and military opinion insist on resistance he cannot count on every village being a fort in the way of the invader. The peasantry, by and large, knows little of nationalism. And the consequences of a war which spread to the rest of China, as it would if China resisted effectively in the north, are serious. Naval blockade could cut off most of the revenues of the Central Government and economic disorganisation would lead rapidly to social revolution, which, in its turn might put new heart into the war. Nanking cannot afford to have its bluff called. But if Japan were to embark on full-scale operations it is doubtful whether she herself would emerge with the same social, political and economic institutions as those with which she entered the war.

Faced with immediate internal difficulties—acute labour troubles, agrarian distress, rising cost of living and a growing adverse balance of trade—the Japanese Government may regard foreign war as a useful distraction. But it is a dangerous remedy. Chinese resistance will increase and the outside Powers may not always remain complacent. Further aggression may be expected to intensify Japan's unsolved internal problems and in a protracted struggle her rulers would sooner or later feel the hot breath of revolution in their backs.

THE DECLINE OF THE FRONT POPULAIRE

THE Front Populaire procession this 14th of July made me feel rather melancholy. I could not help recalling the last two National Fêtes. I thought of July 14th, 1935, when the newly formed Front Populaire swore a solemn oath to "block the road of Fascism," and when Thorèz and Paul Faure, and Daladier and Pierre Cot, standing in the Place de la Bastille side by side, were hailed as the saviours of France's liberties. I also remembered that wonderful Fête Nationale a year ago, when a million people celebrated not only the election victory of the Front Populaire, but also the victory that the great strike movement of June had brought to the French working class. July 14th, 1936, was the apotheosis of the Front Populaire. This year I watched the procession go down the Boulevard Diderot towards the Nation. No, it was no longer the same. It was just a procession—and no more. The same Jeunesses Socialistes in their blue shirts marched past, and the delegations from the various Trade Unions, and a number of ladies representing the Federation against War and Fascism; and from the platform in the Place de la Nation Socialist and Radical and Communist and C.G.T. leaders proclaimed that the Front Populaire was as alive as ever. But the singing of the *Internationale* sounded hollow and half-hearted. The banners, however, were significant: some said *Thorèz au pouvoir*, while others protested against the rise in railway fares and in the price of tobacco. Both really meant *A bas Bonnet!* For even if nobody uttered the name of Bonnet, his name was in everybody's mind; the spirit of the long-nosed Finance Minister—Beau-Nez the humorists call him—hovered over it all, and his invisible presence was a kill-joy.

The deep feeling of disillusionment was unmistakable. The people thought sadly of the 14th of July, 1936, and wondered why it had all happened—why it was that the Blum Government, so promising at first, had come to grief at the end of a year? Was it really the innocent victim of the wily Senate and of the "200 families"; or was it at least partly to blame for its failures? In any case, like so many other Governments, the Blum Government broke down on finance.

It is one of Blum's virtues—or failings—to be loyal to old friends; and he maintained Vincent Auriol at the Ministry of Finance through thick and thin; and Vincent Auriol, though for many years the official Opposition speaker on questions of finance, was not equal to his tremendous job. He wobbled between different policies; he constantly changed his mind; nobody knew what he would be up to next. He constantly tried to reconcile two contradictory policies. He tried to pursue a Socialist policy within the framework of capitalist society; to combine *étatisme* with "liberalism," financial freedom with anti-capitalist coercion, and to work a purchasing power policy without currency restrictions. By the end of January M. Auriol was in the soup; for prices were rising sharply, and the "pause," to which Blum had referred several times throughout February, had to be officially announced on March 6th.

What did Vincent Auriol do now? With spectacular inconsistency, or rather a spectacular admission of his errors, he scrapped all the anti-speculation rules that had been adopted in September; and, to please the banks, he placed Rist and Baudoin in charge of the exchange equalisation fund, and so put himself body and soul into their hands. Their powers were, in practice, greater than any exercised by the old Regency Council of the Bank of France. M. Auriol realised this only too late when their letter of resignation, three months later, produced an almost unprecedented flight from the franc. With equal inconsistency he floated a *garantie de change* loan; if this was not a gift to the hated speculator, what was? It was as good as an admission that the Government itself had no faith in the franc.

When the Blum Government asked for plenary powers, the

Senate, totally distrustful of its methods, and particularly of M. Vincent Auriol—who, heaven knows, cut a poor figure as he told the Senate, with tears in his eyes, that he had done his duty and that his conscience was clear—refused it its confidence. "We feel that you are not really concerned about financial restoration, but that you are going to use the plenary powers as a weapon of coercion and *étatisation*," M. Gardey bluntly declared. In a sense, he was right. For Blum had reached a point when he could no longer continue his "liberal" policy. Had he obtained his plenary powers, he would have thrown "liberalism" overboard, and a new experiment in "managed economy" would have begun. The franc, as he later admitted, would not have been devalued, but stabilised, had he obtained his plenary powers. At 112 to the £ the franc would not have been at its "natural" level; it would have had to be maintained artificially.

The Senate would not have it; and a second devaluation was the price to be paid for a return to "liberalism." There was also something else; M. Gardey had proclaimed, almost with sadistic glee: "The days of the purchasing power theory are over." In other words, Blum's principle: "economic revival first, financial restoration afterwards," was also to be thrown overboard; and in the lobbies of the Senate Caillaux chuckled: "Didn't I tell you a year ago that Blum's New Deal was 'Rooseveltism for Lilliputians,' and that with the exhausted borrowing capacity of our Treasury we could not afford such American luxuries?"

And Bonnet—who last year was "exiled" to America because he was making such a nuisance of himself at the Chamber with his critical remarks about Vincent Auriol—came back triumphantly from Washington and put on ten milliards of new taxation; and to-day, as I write, the Cabinet is busy discussing the new set of decrees with which Bonnet is proposing to scrap what still remains of the old public works programme.

At the Congress at Marseilles last week the Socialist rank and file keenly felt what a terrifying defeat it all meant for the Socialist Party and for the Front Populaire. Blum and Paul Faure had the greatest difficulty in the world in persuading the Congress to allow them to stay in the Chautemps Government. But for their personal prestige, it is doubtful whether they would have got a majority. As it is, a large and vociferous minority of 35 per cent. would not hear of the Chautemps Government at any price, and even most of the speakers of the majority said that they could regard the Chautemps Government only as an unpleasant transition "from one Blum Government to another Blum Government." They did not see why the Socialists, the largest party in the Chamber, should play second fiddle to the Radicals—and what Radicals—M. Bonnet!—and why the "Social Revolution" which began in June, 1936, should be buried. There was, in reality, already something of a moral split in the Socialist Party at the Marseilles Congress—a relatively small part of it accepting the idea that the real role of the Socialist Party was to be a constitutional Government party, and a much larger part feeling that the Socialists must remain a party of revolution, and not of reform. Especially after Blum's failures, the feeling that the Socialists belonged naturally to the Opposition and not to the Government bench was very noticeable at Marseilles.

Blum defended the Chautemps Government as best he could, and especially the reasons that had prompted him to join it. One of his reasons was very strong, and is enough to acquit him on any charge of "MacDonaldism"—and that is that the international situation was too grave for either starting a constitutional conflict with the Senate or for refusing to enter the Chautemps Government, since such a refusal would certainly have plunged France into a period of grave political confusion.

But although, in the end, Blum carried the day—for his personal prestige with the Socialist Party, though dwindling, is still considerable—one may doubt whether his international argument carried as much weight as it should have. Nor is it certain how the working class as a whole, and particularly its more revolutionary elements, are going to accept M. Bonnet. His taxation does not, on the face of it, greatly affect them; and his measures for penalising speculators are an obvious sop to the Socialists (though, heaven knows, these measures, so reminiscent of Vincent Auriol's measures, which had already proved such a failure, are totally inconsistent with Bonnet's "liberal" policy, and will have the effect of discouraging a return of capital—the last thing that Bonnet wants). But if Bonnet starts scrapping public works and even begins to tamper with the 40-hour week he may get into trouble.

The danger of another Clichy is not altogether excluded. The Communist leaders, aware of the grave international situation, have, so far, been very reasonable; and the C.G.T. leaders are keeping as quiet as possible. But in the long run it will be difficult for either of them to go on pretending that the Chautemps-Bonnet Cabinet is "the second Front Populaire Government." The day may come when they will either have to turn out this Government, or else admit that the Front Populaire and the "social revolution of June, 1936" are at an end. Much will, of course, depend on the evolution of the international situation. If it becomes bad enough, the bulk of French public opinion may feel that this is no time for new "revolutionary experiments." The unpopularity of the waiters' strike in Paris already contrasted significantly with the full support that public opinion gave to the stay-in strikes last year. What the large and small bourgeoisie want above all, perhaps, is a quiet life. After 1848 the working class were disillusioned, and the bourgeoisie wanted to be left in peace. Is it going to be the same now, after the "romantic" days of Front Populaire Government? Or will there be another Clichy?

There is one cheering feature about it all. The Chautemps Government is, after all, a respectable democratic Government. For the present, there is no Fascist menace in France; the Right are quarrelling among themselves like cats and dogs. La Rocque and Doriot hate one another like poison, and the Action Française is now accusing the Croix de Feu of receiving money from the secret funds!

Paris, July 20th. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

THE main splash news report in the *Daily Mail* last Tuesday began with these words:

> "There is no truth in stories that 12in. howitzers have been installed which can command the fortress or harbour of Gibraltar." This declaration, on behalf of the Government, was made by Viscount Cranborne, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Commons last night. . . .

I read this with astonishment, having just gathered the opposite impression from other reports of the debate. So I looked up Hansard and I found that the remark attributed to Lord Cranborne was a slightly inaccurate quotation of a question by Mr. Churchill, who wanted to know whether there was any truth in the report about the guns. Lord Cranborne's real reply was carefully non-commital.

> There is no *proof* of any 12in. howitzers which dominate the fortress of Gibraltar or the harbour . . .

* * *

This is going rather far even for the *Daily Mail*. Actually the Government admitted that the guns were at Algeciras; the only doubt was whether they were 12in. howitzers. Beaverbrook, less desperately anxious than Rothermere to believe that Hitler, Mussolini and General Franco are friends of England, has been more astute. Having urged for years that British policy was at all cost to "keep out of Europe" he has now discovered that Gibraltar is in Europe and is using menacing words about Britain's determination to defend the vital interests of Empire. Fascism sets us all dilemmas. Watching Imperialists pretending to be pacifists is quite amusing—almost as amusing as watching Socialists trying to maintain their pacifism. Watching French opinion has been

almost equally interesting. *L'Echo de Paris* for months carried a dual policy, Kerillis being all for friendship with Italy, and Pertinax seeing clearly that victory for Franco would make Spain a permanent menace to France. Recently Kerillis has come round to the same point of view. In the last resort he finds that he is more Frenchman than Fascist. If you want to see the story from a French angle you should read one of the very best books yet issued on the Spanish war, which has an introduction by Pertinax. It is *The Spanish Plot* by E. N. Dzelepy (King, 6*s*.). The later chapters tell the Englishman how British policy appears to a foreign democrat.

* * *

It is just because the Conservatives in England and France are beginning to discover that they cannot stomach Italy and Germany in Spain, that it is of vital importance for the Labour Party to be particularly vigilant. Parliament is so little reported nowadays that few people know what good and effective speeches have been made recently on the Labour side on Spain. Attlee, Dalton, Noel-Baker have all been excellent, and last Thursday's debate was remarkable for a really pungent and well-documented speech by Herbert Morrison — who also made an impressive opening speech at the Friends House on Saturday when he launched Labour's new campaign. Some weeks ago Citrine made a statement denouncing non-intervention as practised during the last year and making it clear that the Trade Union movement would support the Government even at the risk of war, if it stood up to Germany and Italy. He seemed to me to put the point all wrong and to miss the distinction between running risks for Spanish democracy and running risks for Gibraltar or any other imperial interest the Conservatives get worried about. The Government distinguishes clearly enough. It will be happy to help Franco to power and lend him money if it can get any guarantee about Bilbao iron and Gibraltar guns.

* * *

It is just this kind of distinction about the objects of policy which democratic leaders have to watch most carefully. The Abyssinian story was a good lesson. Anyone who is interested in the way in which the public mind gets confused about foreign policy will find interesting examples in a book called *Those Foreigners*, by Raymond Postgate and Aylmer Vallance, recently published by Harraps. It is a survey, too short and incidental, but full of interesting quotations, of British press opinions about foreign countries during the last century. Curiously enough the best example of all is missed. The account of opinion before the Crimean War is quite misleading and yet it is a perfect example. Idealistic opinion, rather like that of the Left to-day, was Palmerstonian (as the *News Chronicle* says it wants to be now); it pressed for strong measures against the Tsar under the delusion that to attack the Tsar would help the unfortunate peoples whom he had savaged in the counter-revolution of 1849. Actually, of course, the war did nothing whatever to help the Poles or the Hungarians. The moral is that if the Left wants British influence used against Fascism, the utmost vigilance is required to prevent its anti-Fascist feelings being exploited for purposes which are quite foreign to its real intentions.

* * *

Of the many people who have died in Spain this week the only one I happened to know was Julian Bell. It is not yet known how he was killed, but he went out as an ambulance driver and was, therefore, a particularly likely mark for one of Franco's bombs. Julian was the son of Clive and Vanessa Bell, a large rollicking person, endowed with a huge gusto for life, full of laughter and good fellowship, but also, as you knew after a few minutes' conversation, extremely serious, sensitive and a scholar. He was a most lovable and interesting person, delightful to be with because he enjoyed life so much. I don't know which side of Julian would have developed if he had lived. He had written good verse—some of it was published by the Hogarth Press. He edited a book of recollections by conscientious objectors called *We Did Not Fight*. At the same time he had from childhood been intensely interested in military history and was very knowledgable about questions of strategy. He was an authority on Pope and went out to Wu-Hau University in China as Professor of English literature. But, like so many of the braver spirits of the generation who were not old enough to have seen the last war, Julian knew that he could not stand outside the struggle against Fascism. After two years in China he came back because—it will seem strange to many people—he felt that he must help the anti-Fascist cause in Spain. It seems ironic to-day to have left China to die in the Spanish war. But Julian would have said that it was really the same war and I think he would have been right.

* * *

Warm week-ends in the English countryside have a most enervating effect. The beauty, the slow pace, the quiet and kindliness of the English country might have been made by God or the Devil (it depends on the point of view) to make you forget war in Spain and China and the eternal struggle between rich and poor. In my village most of the people really like each other; many of them have never been to London (and they live only forty miles away) and, more important, they don't want to go to London. They are all in work and none of them are actually short of food for their families or a thatched roof to sleep under. They are passionately fond and proud of their gardens, and no one could live in this village for a month without discovering the falsity of the townsman's notion that countrymen are so used to beauty that they scarcely notice it and crave for excitement. One of the jolly developments of recent years is the growing habit of planting flowers outside one's garden so that the paths are gay with a beauty that is shared by every passer-by. The gentry are more public spirited than in some parts of the country; the footpaths have all been scheduled and marked with pleasantly painted sign-posts; no one obstructs them and the whole village walks through the fields in its best on a Sunday evening. An imaginative Council has planted a hedge of roses along the main road—a gorgeous sight this month—and a friend of the village children has had the playground planted with excellent apple-trees, so that the children can have fruit throughout the season.

* * *

Truly, I was thinking to myself, this is not far short of paradise. . . . And then I fell into talk with a friend of mine, an agricultural labourer returning from his day's work. He is a mild and pleasant fellow, apparently at peace with all men. Suddenly as we talked he looked up at me with a puzzled frown, as if a thought had just struck him. "Don't you reckon," he said, "as a thing they ought to do is to raise the agricultural labourer's wages? 8*d*. an hour is what we get. That's not enough. . . ." On my way home, pondering the age-long grievance of the farm labourer and wondering whether collective farms would eventually come in England through a John Ball or through a Stalin, the quiet of the village street was suddenly shattered by an appalling roar. I looked up and saw approaching four of the new giant bombing monoplanes flying low over the fields. I suppose I ought to have felt safer for their protection? But I didn't. I could only see the village or its counterpart in Spain or Germany or Italy or Russia, a blazing pyre for the shattered body of my friend with 32*s*. a week.

* * *

Isn't it wonderful how human dogs are getting? I take this from a column, "Dogs and Holidays," in the *Morning Post*.

> It is not too much to say that at this moment thousands of British dogs are alertly aware that August is drawing near (though they may not think of it by that name) . . .

I should never have known this if I had not been told it on such good authority. But, if dogs do not call it August, what do they call it?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Donald Carswell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

If Clause I is omitted from the Bill there will be undoubtedly little difference between our marriage laws and those of other countries, whose customs are often deeply deplored.—Letter from Lord Daryngton in *Times*.

Young Man required as Host large Seaside Hotel, July 31st, 5 weeks; full board, pocket money; golf, tennis, bathing, dancing, bridge, talk, inveterate listening; not under 30; Oxford or Cambridge education essential; B.B.C. vowels preferred; recent photograph must accompany reply.—Advt. in *Times*.

Soon after midnight telephone bell rang in Art Editor's room. Excited voice said: "Look, I've got six of the new threepenny bits balanced on top of each other. Could you send a photographer AT ONCE?"

Too late. We already had a photograph of SEVEN on end in the paper. Seen it on PAGE THREE?—*Daily Express*.

I should be very pleased to see cinemas and theatres have seats reserved for the non-smokers. Females who smoke are showing off and simply throwing away many a good opportunity of marriage.

I was asked to smoke when I was courting, but refused on principle. Marriage came quickly, and after 20 years I still stand for principle and example to my family.—Letter in *Yorkshire Evening Post*.

The portion of the carpet where the Throne stood and the King knelt at the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey has been bought for Winchester Cathedral, and will be placed in the sanctuary. The following are extracts from letters to the Dean of Winchester from the Office of Works:—

Your carpet is even more interesting than my previous letter foreshadowed. You will find on it some slight red marks; the two side by side represent the positions where stood the chairs occupied by the King and Queen in front of the Royal box. The third mark indicates the position of the stool where the King knelt during the Communion Service. Most interesting of all, in the opposite corner of the carpet stood the Throne. Its position is not indicated by any mark, but I think that you will be able to trace, even at this date, the imprints of the feet of the Throne.—*Times*.

Mr. Chamberlain referred to what the Government had done for housing, and remarked that he thought they could say the housing problem was solved except for two strongholds—the destruction of the slums and the extinction of overcrowding.—*Daily Telegraph*.

BYWAYMEN

WITHIN a mile of my gates there are rights of way that can only be traversed at the cost of crops deliberately planted by farmers who are hoping for the best and are apparently justified of their optimism. The paths have been signposted. Landlords cannot resist the notices, but close to the place where the track begins they can plough up the ground or plant fruit trees and bushes, relying upon the natural decency of the dispossessed countryman, his inherent instinct to avoid the destruction or damage of anything that bears a crop. If his kindness or his fear were less he would make it impossible for the rights—marked out under the authority of the Ordnance Survey—to be obliterated in this fashion. But who would lightly destroy a tree to assert a principle?

Yet a little while and plough, fruit bush, or fruit tree will have removed all semblance of an ancient right and then the stiles that still indicate the entrance and the exit will disappear overnight. Round me there are public ways that have been closed because they enabled countrymen to come between the wind and the nobility of people whose claim to consideration is apparently that they have bought land largely in the past decade and have set up in business on it. I know by careful inquiry that what obtains here will be found in varying degrees throughout rural England. In many parts the reactionaries control the situation. To give one example: the Kent County Council has lately refused the recommendation of its own Highways Committee for the signposting of footpaths.

In theory the public right is protected by the State. Footpaths and bridleways are marked in Essex, but the posts have not always maintained the fairway. Parish Councils can be packed, and are. County Council officials can turn a deaf ear to complaints or delay action; some do. All over the countryside privilege is armed and carries effective weapons; the men to whom the rights of way are becoming necessities work for the landlords over whose ground the tracks run.

"It's all nonsense to say that bypaths are wanted," said a landowner in my hearing, "nowadays all these men have bicycles. They can keep to the roads. That's what roads were built for."

"We can't get about," a farm labourer complained to me. "I used to go for a walk with my wife and children on Sundays, that was our only fine-day treat, but I can't go on the roads with them nowadays. You see, there is no speed limit hereabouts and the folk in motor cars don't mind how fast they go. But if I try to walk along one of the old paths we used when we were children, I'm bound to come up against barbed wire or stakes.

"You dussn't pull things down," he went on, "because folk'd soon know who done it and there's only a handful to employ people in these parts."

While the country was safe for children and dogs, rights of way were seldom used; to-day the villagers are driven off the roads by the motorists and off the old tracks by the bywaymen. The difference between highwaymen and bywaymen is all to the advantage of the first named. They stole from the rich and in the open; if caught they were hanged. The latter steal from the poor and if detected they can penalise those who have given them away, or at least they can threaten to do so.

I do not write without knowledge. While acting for a little while as Chairman of a Parish Council I received several complaints against bywaymen, coupled with requests that I would not say where they came from. If the countryman knew how dependent the employer is upon the men who serve him, how anxious lest they should seek better priced jobs in town or factory, he would demand and receive his small rights, one being freedom to walk where his forbears walked through a green and pleasant land. Ignorance is the father of cowardice.

Audi alteram partem! I have met bywaymen north, south, east and west and heard their complaints. The hiker leaves gates open. He does not keep to the path. He brings his dogs and they scare cattle and sheep. He leaves the countryside littered with rubbish. He lights fires and destroys woodlands. There is a substratum of truth in all these charges so far as they apply to the cockney on holiday. But they do not apply to the countryman and his children. These folk know that if gates are left open the subsequent labour and trouble are for them. They do not take uncontrolled dogs among farm stock, they have not acquired the picnic habit, they don't light fires. The worst faults of the worst type of country invader, faults founded on ignorance rather than malice, are quoted as an excuse for depriving the countryman of his inheritance, for shutting up beauty spots which the owners themselves ignore.

I was talking of a man in authority in a certain county who might have helped the countryman and preferred to hinder him. "Well you see," said one of his associates, "he's a good fellow enough, but he likes luncheon parties and shooting parties and cocktails, and the farm labourers can't give them to him. Some of their employers can and do and he's not going to shut doors in his own face by being over zealous." Explanation of the dilatory tactics of another man was that "he can't do with all the dam Socialist agitation about rights of way. He

says it's just an excuse to stir up class strife." Colonel Blimp has a host of cousins in every county.

The countryman possesses no other guide than his inherited knowledge. Ordnance Survey Maps are not at his disposal and if he should summon up courage to write to the Parish Council about a footpath—well, that body may meet once in three months and his letter will then perhaps be answered by the clerk to the effect that the question will be enquired into. If under advice he writes to the County Council the letter will be referred to the Parish Council for observations undefined by a time limit. Before long occasion will have arisen for adequate measures to be taken to admonish or suppress the complainant.

"We look after our poor," said a lady in a village not far from mine. "They don't suffer in the winter—if they go to Church and vote the right way."

Many footpaths run through land where game is jealously preserved and one of the least desirable of the landlord's agents is the unscrupulous gamekeeper. Good judges of country conditions will tell you that the position has worsened since the war. The old time landlord knew the village folk, being himself a countryman rather than a translated cockney; he even had respect for the claims of those who were not poachers. Ownership has suffered fundamental changes in the past twenty years; nowadays there are countless shooting syndicates in place of privately owned shoots. Very often the game is sold to dealers to reduce the cost and the gamekeeper must be something of a business man to keep his job. He will complain that if there are footpaths through preserved land poaching will be made easier; he will be sure to add that the tracks he wishes to obstruct are seldom used and that nobody will suffer if they are closed. He preaches to the converted though we all know that the worst poaching is done to-day by men who do not live in the neighbourhood of their exploits; they drive to selected points in motor cars, prepared to stage a fade-out at shortest notice.

There is only one effective way of dealing with the bywaymen, short of legislation to penalise those who plough or plant over a public way. It is in the hands of the hikers of this country who desire to enjoy the beauty spots of Great Britain and will help the country folk to do the same. Let them arm themselves with Ordnance Survey Maps. Let them go to various districts in turn, carrying wire cutters and if need be a hatchet. Let them be careful to take any dogs on leash, to shut gates and to tread heavily on cigarette ends. Then if they will pursue the good work and notify the local press of the paths they have opened up, they will give the countryman the heart to follow. They will be threatened, even proceeded against, but if they plead at once that they merely removed obstructions in the exercise of a *bona fide* claim of right the magistrates' jurisdiction may be ousted. Those who are doubtful about their position will get useful hints from the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society of 71 Eccleston Square, London, which states in the April issue of its Journal that during last year "some thousands of inquiries as to rights of way were submitted!" In a few cases legal action was necessary.

Rural Community Councils might help to fight bywaymen, but they do very little and suffer from a certain snobbishness. Where people who claim to count in the village mingle with rank and file they will not hesitate to let their wishes be known. If there be no local independence a few bywaymen can even use the local Community Council as a screen behind which to steal public rights. . . .

* * *

Looking back on what I have written, remembering how I have talked with men who stay at home on Sundays because the roads are too dangerous for the wife and little children and their footpaths have been closed, I am painfully aware that it suffers from moderation and restraint. S. L. B.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d. ; Foreign,* 1½*d. ; Canada,* 1*d.*

OF ALL THE CRANKS

"OF all cranks," said Lord Dufferin at the annual meeting of the National Trust, "in my opinion, the anti-litter crank is the worst." Surely Lord Dufferin was exaggerating. I think I could name a hundred cranks much more pestiferous. There is the soap-and-water crank, for example, whose busybody activities cast a shadow on the lives of children in the nursery. According to their theory, boys and girls should be taught at an early age to wash their necks and even behind their ears. Worse still, they compel the young to immerse their entire bodies in bath-water, though it is a well-known fact that throughout history the use of bath-water has always heralded the decay of civilisation and, indeed, the early Christians in their wisdom did their best to suppress the bath as an instrument of corruption. Blind to the lessons of history, however, the cleanliness-mongers go forward ruthlessly with their tyrannies. Teeth have to be washed; nails have to be cleaned; hair has to be combed and brushed. Children discover before they have been long in the world that they are not allowed even to go about with jam on their cheeks or to let food fall over their clothes or to bring great dollops of mud into the house on their shoes. In fact they are expected to live, not according to nature, but according to that second nature which is imposed upon them by the cranks.

Think what a different spectacle the House of Lords would present if Lord Dufferin and his fellow-peers had not come under the rule of the cleanliness cranks in their childhood. Dukes would stroll in with matted hair that no comb had ever violated. Marquises with yellow teeth would hobnob with viscounts whose nails were pleasantly in mourning. The best way to tease a baron would be to accuse him of having had a bath lately or to suggest that his neck looked suspiciously clean. As for the Lord Chancellor, his only hope of preserving the respect of the House would be to be indistinguishable in appearance from a sweep who had been playing Rugby football in a muddy field on a wet day. Do you not agree that the peers would look much more amusing if they had been allowed to lead natural lives in this fashion? The cranks got hold of them young, however, and the result is the House of Lords as you see it to-day, as clean as a new pin and not much more interesting.

Then there are the pure-food cranks—Nosey Parkers who go about making the lives of meat-salesmen, butchers and other honest tradesmen who help to feed us miserable. These people are crazy about ptomaine poisoning. If a lot of sausages have gone bad on a shopkeeper's hands, instead of allowing him to sell the sausages—as any shopkeeper fond of his wife and children would naturally wish to do—they compel him to destroy them, even if it means that his children have to go without bulls'-eyes. I do not know how many tons of food are wasted in England every year as a result of the activities of the pure-food cranks, but, if the figures were known, I am sure they would stagger humanity. And the absurd thing is, there is no need for this waste. Everybody knows perfectly well that ptomaine poisoning is very unlikely if you drink enough wine and coffee with your meals. I admit that many people have suffered from ptomaine poisoning even though they drank wine and coffee with their meals, but it is obvious that they did not drink enough of them. Instead of advocating a more generous use of wine and coffee, however, the pure-food cranks prefer to make life a hell for shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, and the proprietors of restaurants. The proprietor of a restaurant who gets rid of a few bad sardines on an unprepossessing-looking client may actually find himself mulcted in several hundred pounds. Sell a man a tainted pork-pie, and the chances are that you will be more out of pocket than if you knocked him down and killed him with your motor-car. I have seen meat-salesmen fined in court even for taking their meat in a dirty condition to the market. The truth is, the crank is in the saddle to-day, and none of us—not even a meat-salesman—is safe.

Another crank who has become a perfect pest in the modern world is the education crank. He believes—for what reason I have never been able to find out—that everybody ought to be taught to read and write. If he reflected for five minutes, he would realise that reading and writing only destroy the memory. So long as the Greeks remained illiterate, they—or some of them—knew the epics of Homer by heart and could repeat them if paid for doing so. How many of the readers and writers of to-day could repeat the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* from memory even if you offered them a million pounds? Nor is the destruction of the memory the only evil wrought by education. It also has an unsettling effect on the workers, putting ideas into their heads and taking their minds off their work. It cannot be disputed that, before the workers learned to read and write, they were content to work for longer hours and spent far less of their time on backing horses and football pools. After all, it stands to reason—or, as Mr. Fowler would prefer to say, it is obvious—that a man who cannot read or write is much less likely to yield to the temptations of stay-at-home betting. For one thing, he cannot study the form of horses in the early editions of the evening paper. For another, he does not know how to address an envelope to a football pool. Moralists, it seems to me, should combine in an effort to crush the education cranks and to restore to the world the lost blessing of illiteracy. I am not sure that a knowledge of reading and writing is good even for the rich. What is the point of a man's learning to read if the only reading in which he is interested is the menus and wine-lists in restaurants, and what is the point of his learning to write merely in order to write cheques for his losses at cards? The theory of the education cranks was that, if everybody were able to read and write, everybody would read Shakespeare. Well, everybody *is* able to read and write, and everybody doesn't read Shakespeare. But will this fact, now that it appears in print, shake the faith of your education crank? I can only say, after a long experience, that I have never known the faith of a crank, when confronted by a fact, to show even the faintest sign of a wobble.

There is another sort of crank who has been making a lot of noise lately—the amenities crank, who wants to preserve beautiful houses and beautiful bridges, and who is always trying to "save" pieces of the country from the speculative builder. As a rule, he is a queer fellow with bungalows on the brain. He would rather see a hillside reserved for droves of extremely uninteresting sheep than put at the disposal of happy human beings with their gramophones and their wireless sets competing cheerily with the cheerful songs of the birds. He is a killjoy who would keep the country a wilderness and call it peace. He prefers ungainly lumps of dead stone at Stonehenge and Avebury to modest little, pleasantly ugly houses for living men and women. He is all for beauty, and constantly forgets that this is a practical age in which speculative builders, like other people, have to make a living. He is also, incidentally, unjust to the speculative builder, and has never given him credit for a love of the beautiful at least equal to his own. After all, is it not a plain fact that when a speculative builder is looking round for a place to build his flats or bungalows, he invariably, if possible, chooses the most beautiful spot he can discover? He does not want to build his luxury flats in Hoxton or Clerkenwell: he prefers an old street in Hampstead where the houses are tranquil memories of a vanished and a lovelier London. He shuns the uglier parts of the countryside as sites for his bungalows, and turns a longing eye on the Sussex Downs and the beautiful loneliness of Wiltshire. Yet, listening to the amenities crank, you would imagine that the speculative builder was some kind of monster who loved ugliness for ugliness's sake. Cranks are always unjust.

As for the anti-litter crank, he is, I will concede to Lord Dufferin, a nuisance, but he is only a minor nuisance. And I cannot help almost agreeing with the anti-litter crank that after an August Bank Holiday Bury Hill would look even prettier if one could see the grass under the acres of waste-paper and cigarette packets and egg shells and ham fat and chocolate wrappers. I used even almost to become an anti-litter crank myself when my next-door neighbour or his children began to throw old bottles and fruit tins and burst balls and things into my back garden. As Lord Dufferin says, however, it is well not to be too tidy-minded. Nature is a great cleanser, and, as Lord Dufferin puts it, "even if there is a bit of paper on the grass, and it is rather ugly, it can be turned into pulp by a sharp shower of rain." Nature, it is true, takes rather longer with tins and bottles but, no doubt, if one lived long enough and left them where they were, one would see them disappear. That is what the anti-litter cranks seem never to realise. It is, perhaps, because in some part of my nature I am an anti-litter crank myself that I cannot wholeheartedly condemn, as Lord Dufferin does, his blindness and exasperation.

Y. Y.

HEAR! HEAR!

[*At the National Government Demonstration, July 9th, Mr. Chamberlain referred to his critics as "Dismal Jimmies" who wish "to interfere with your innocent pleasure in the sunshine, because of their assertion that it is going to rain to-morrow. . . . I have never seen such an imposing demonstration of support for a National Government . . . that association which after rescuing the country from a great peril has worked . . . for the general interest without distinction of party or class.*"]

How fortunate is England when the Government is National,
Above the party dog-fight, now outmoded and irrational!
How blessed when the Government is National Conservative
With one per cent. of Lib. and Lab. for permanent preservative!

We milk an ever-flowing fisc, to Socialists refractory,
We providently subsidise the foundry, farm and factory,
We shelter private enterprise and foster planned economy
We rout the Dismal Jimmies with the good old Tory *bonhomie*.

To every foreign Power a friend, we are not therefore dilatory
In preparations naval, aeronautical and military;
We safeguard our investments to posterity's posterity
And pile up tariffs to assure perpetual prosperity!

Then dedicate the country to this pregnant proposition
Most happy is the Government without an Opposition!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

ARABS AND JEWS

SIR,—I have always respected your paper for its independence of view and its support of oppressed peoples. I was, therefore, disappointed to find that your article "Arabs and Jews" in the issue of July 17th, takes up an attitude to the partition of Palestine hardly differing from the attitude of the Imperialist press.

True, your correspondent does not show enthusiasm for partition, but his attitude of critical acceptance of the plan gives what I believe to be a false direction to progressive and liberal-minded people.

There are many points which I would like to raise, but I will limit myself to four.

1. Your correspondent says that the Commission advocates the policy of partition on the principle not of "divide et impera" but of "divide et placa." Does he really believe that partition is likely to promote better relations between Arabs and Jews? Take, for example, the proposal to transfer almost a quarter of a million Arabs, whose homes lie within what is to be the Jewish State, to Arab territory. The Report admits that it is not known whether land can in fact be made available for these displaced Arabs. It is hoped that by schemes of irrigation and water storage sufficient land can be developed in Trans-Jordan, Beersheba, and the Jordan valley. I myself am well acquainted with Beersheba and the Jordan valley, and know that where water has been found in these regions it has usually been saline. In any case, the plain fact remains that these Arabs are bound to be displaced if partition is to be carried through. They may be settled somewhere: they

may be rendered homeless. In the past, Zionist land purchases have been one of the chief causes of friction between Jews and Arabs. What does your correspondent think is likely to be the effect of the expropriation and uprooting of a quarter of the Arab population of Palestine on the relations between the two peoples?

2. Your correspondent remarks that "the Mufti of Jerusalem will have his work cut out to hold his extremist front together."

The word "extremist," I have noticed, is one that is generally applied by imperialists to those whose policy it is to obtain full national independence for subject peoples. In Palestine, the Mufti is one of those who pursue this policy. In this he has the undivided support of the mass of the Arab people. Partition is only advocated by those who hope to gain by it.

3. Your correspondent dismisses the suggestion that Britain should abandon the Mandate and clear out of Palestine as "not practical politics" (in view of strategic considerations) nor "good morals."

No one proposes that Britain should clear out of Palestine, bag and baggage. But we, Arabs, believe that it would be both practical politics and good morals for Britain to terminate the Mandate (as she proposes to do) forthwith, and conclude a Treaty of Alliance with a united Palestine on the lines of the Anglo-Iraqi and Franco-Syrian treaties. Such a treaty would naturally make full provision both for Britain's strategic requirements and for Palestine's defence against aggression. It would give national independence to the Arabs. It would guarantee the democratic rights of the 400,000 Jews in Palestine and enable them to participate fully in the government of the country.

4. Finally, as regards the Jews, I am entirely opposed to this policy of segregation. The Report brings out clearly the fact which the Arabs have always urged, that Arab-Jewish antagonism is due simply to political causes. It did not exist in Palestine before the war. It scarcely exists in other Arab countries to-day. We are not anti-Semites. We recognise that we are ourselves Semites. We wish to live at peace with the Jews. But peace, we believe, can only come when the Jews abandon political Zionism, and are willing to accept common citizenship with us in an independent Palestine. Partition will only intensify this unhappy conflict.

JAMAAL HUSSEINI,
Leader, Palestine Arab Delegation

The Palestine Information Centre,
72 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

[We obviously cannot argue out all the points raised—and the questions begged—by our correspondent. Most of them are dealt with in the Royal Commission's Report. As regards his point (2) the word "extremist" as we used it had nothing to do with imperialism. It was used quite plainly to describe the Mufti's party in contrast with, and in the same sentence as, the "moderate" Nashashibi party.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PEACE MAKING IN PALESTINE

SIR,—The publication of the Royal Commission's Report will bring home to many people the need for peace-making in Palestine, and the following information may be of interest to your readers.

The Peace Army recently sent two of its members to Palestine. They were deeply impressed by the welcome given to them, as peace workers, by both Arabs and Jews and by their kindness in helping them to understand the situation. They have come back convinced of the value of personal service in Palestine. Whatever troubles may yet arise, or whatever settlement may be reached, this will be needed.

The Peace Army feel that a definite challenge has come to peacemakers from some of the villages in Upper Galilee. Our workers saw Arabs come into Jewish colonies there and they watched Arab and Jewish children playing together. The Jews told them of their desire to be of service to their Arab neighbours and said they felt that British help in this would make all the difference. So far they had not met with much encouragement from British people, but hoped they might get the help they needed through our peace movement.

We now learn that Jews and Arabs have met to discuss schemes for a mutual benefit society; among these are plans for child welfare and a social and educational centre for girls in Arab villages. Service of this kind, offered in friendship, cuts across political issues and it may be that here the foundations of peace can be laid. We have been begged to send out even one or two workers as soon as we can. One is going out in the autumn and we know of other possibilities. We hope these workers may be sent with the backing of as wide a circle of peace lovers as possible.

Mrs. Pollard, 63 Meadway, N.W.11, will gladly send further information to anyone who is interested.

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—You yourself supplied the answer to Mr. Keynes' recent article in the leader which accompanied it. I feel the need to comment on one statement of Mr. Keynes', however, since none of your other correspondents have done so.

Mr. Keynes wrote that the future of Spain would not be decided by the outcome of the present civil war. That seemed to me a statement so startlingly and undeniably false that only a man of Mr. Keynes' intellectual eminence could have had the courage to make it. And yet this extraordinary contention is necessary to the whole of the rest of his argument. His policy of putting off disaster, as he expressed it, rested on the belief that the Fascist States were facing considerable internal difficulties, as they apparently are, and might be expected to grow weaker if Mr. Eden continued to temporise with them. But the Fascist Powers will not grow weaker if they are allowed to conquer Spain. On the contrary, Fascism would thus achieve its greatest success, and would be enormously reinforced. Not only should we face the unbearable prospect of the extinction of Spanish democracy, with all hope of deliverance, after three hundred years of reaction and regression, for the Spanish people, but also the sudden and deadly reinforcement of international Fascism. Mr. Keynes, I cannot help suggesting, could not have written his article unless he had resolutely refused to face the plain fact that either the Fascists will conquer Spain or they will not.

Were it not for this fact it might be very wise to temporise, to delay, to postpone the risk of war which Mr. Keynes, rightly or wrongly, supposes would be involved if, for instance, the democracies, acting together, gave the Italian and German Governments two weeks in which to withdraw their armed forces from Spanish soil. But as it is Mr. Keynes' support of Mr. Eden (though I recognise that he is acting from different motives) appears to me to be the deadliest error which any friend of peace could commit.

JOHN STRACHEY

Ewenbridge Farm, Shalford, Braintree.

THE ACTIVITIES OF COLONEL BECK

SIR,—If M. Czarnomski, who, if I am not mistaken, was until about two years ago press attaché at the Polish Embassy in London, thinks that his letter is a "strong rebuttal" of my article, he is easily pleased. One does not rebut an article merely by calling it "ludicrous" and "mendacious." When he says that "it would be a waste of time to refute in detail" the statements made in that article, presumably he means that it would be a waste of time on his part to try to refute them. I quite agree. That no doubt is the reason why he has not attempted to refute a single one of them. I leave it to your readers to decide whether the article consisted of "generalities."

Pilsudski's proposals in 1933 are not in the least incompatible with my statement that Colonel Beck is an agent of Hitler. Although Colonel Beck was then already Foreign Minister, Pilsudski, not he, directed Polish foreign policy. Colonel Beck's influence increased in the last months of Pilsudski's life, but it was only after Pilsudski's death on May 12th, 1935, that he had a free hand. The fact that in March, 1936, the Polish Government was prepared, if necessary, to join with France to maintain the demilitarised zone is, on the one hand, a tribute to Colonel Beck's political sagacity, and, on the other hand, an example of his lack of confidence in Hitler and his readiness to play Hitler false on occasion. It does not in the least show that Colonel Beck wished to provoke a Franco-Polish war against Germany. No doubt he had the sense to think that, if Hitler were resisted, he would climb down, as it is now known with certainty that he would have.

I entirely agree with M. Czarnomski that Colonel Beck's policy of a "neutral" block from the Baltic to the Adriatic is in complete accordance with the British policy of giving Hitler a free hand east of the Rhine, but M. Czarnomski goes too far when he says that British policy is "universally approved."

I said that the reason "finally" given for the Polish refusal to join in the Eastern Pact was that Poland would not guarantee the frontiers of Czechoslovakia. I know that Colonel Beck tried for many months to get out of accepting the Pact by making various excuses, one of which was that the Polish Government could not allow German or Russian troops to cross Polish territory. It was pointed out that Poland has already signed a pact that obliges the Polish Government in certain circumstances to allow Russian troops to cross Polish territory. That pact is called the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Russian Government further pointed out that, as the Baltic States would be included in the

Eastern Pact, it would not be necessary for Russian troops to cross Polish territory to reach East Prussia. As for the Polish "Corridor," if the Poles imagine that Germany would not violate it immediately in the event of war, they must be singularly confiding people. It was only when Colonel Beck was driven into a corner that he had to show his hand and give the real reason for the Polish refusal. The Polish Government finally rejected the Eastern Pact immediately after Mr. Eden's visit to Warsaw in March, 1935.

ROBERT DELL

Reignier, Haute-Savoie, France.

THE MARRIAGE BILL

SIR,—I am glad you have at last published an article on the Marriage Bill. Mr. Haynes has done good service in explaining many of the minor provisions of the Bill, of which the public is for the most part unaware. But he has not exhausted the subject.

Since Mr. Haynes wrote as a lawyer, it was perhaps natural that he should not deal with the main political objection to the Bill, namely, the view that it postpones indefinitely the date at which Parliament can be persuaded to consider the one reform of fundamental importance, the recognition that divorce should be granted when it is desired by both parties. He confesses that he desires to see this reform, but he does not answer the argument that any Bill which does not contain it is reactionary in its ultimate effects.

Nor is he drastic enough in his treatment of Clause 1. It is odd that a measure whose main purpose is to relieve certain small minorities from injustice should at the same time create a new, and probably larger, minority condemned to suffer similar hardship. Furthermore, the whole tone of this clause is objectionable. It is not concerned with stating what action constitutes a violation of the marriage contract, but with declaring what, in the opinion of a paternal government, is good for the moral welfare of young people, ignoring the fact that many of the people concerned are not young. Many Liberals may agree that the substance of this clause constitutes sound advice to the married, but they probably hold that the decision to act should rest with the parties.

Finally, there is one important legal point which Mr. Haynes has not elucidated and on which the layman needs information. What is the exact meaning of "desertion"? Is the definition the same for both husband and wife, or are we reintroducing into our divorce laws that inequality between the sexes which we recently eliminated from them? What will happen when two persons agree to part? What will happen if A deserts B and B, during the three years' waiting period, commits adultery? Not only does it seem that the discretion of the judge is to be enlarged both here and under Clause 1, but complexities and ambiguities are being introduced which are bound to delay procedure in Courts that are already hopelessly congested.

14 Warwick Avenue, W.2. T. H. MARSHALL

THE SOVIET TRIALS

SIR,—The only question of public concern arising from Mr. Brailsford's letter is whether the Soviet regime took necessary measures of defence against treason allied with Fascism when it executed the eight generals, or whether the Soviet regime is, in Mr. Brailsford's words, "a bloody tyranny ruled by terror and lies."

If the latter were true, all Left opinion would be alienated from the Soviet Union, and the path would be open for the Fascist attack. It is therefore of serious importance that liberal opinion should judge this issue correctly and weigh all the evidence with care before entering into the anti-Soviet campaign into which Imperialist and Fascist propaganda is trying to guide it.

The evidence for the correctness of the charges against the eight generals does not by any means come only from Soviet sources, but is confirmed from responsible and well-informed quarters in other countries. Reference may be made to the article in the *Army Quarterly* of October, 1936, on "Germany's Political Preparations for War with the Soviet Union," which was published four months before the revelations of the Radek-Piatakov trial; and to the article of Mr. Wickham Steed in the current issue of the *Spectator*, confirming the correctness of the charges against the generals from non-Russian sources.

It is worth noting that *Reynolds News*, the journal in which Mr. Brailsford has launched his violent attacks against the Soviet Union, stated on its editorial page on July 11th, "on the highest authority," that many of the charges against the generals were based on information supplied by the French General Staff.

What is the opposing evidence? As main evidence for rejecting the facts widely recognised by diplomatic and military opinion in all countries, for rejecting the trustworthiness of Soviet justice, and for delivering the most violent and unrestrained attack against the Soviet regime, Mr. Brailsford bases himself upon an alleged "Stalin Memorandum" which appeared in a single London daily newspaper, the *News Chronicle*, on June 23rd, without the slightest evidence of origin or authenticity, and which Mr. Brailsford persists in using as his basis although it has been officially denied.

In this "Memorandum" (which is not even a text, but only a sensational journalistic narrative containing a few alleged quotations) Stalin is made to say that "I struck" against "my enemies" because they were faithful old Bolsheviks! He is made to explain the confessions of the criminals by declaring (this is printed in quotation marks as Stalin's own words): "The Slav takes as much satisfaction in being a martyr for an ideal as in helping it to triumph." And so forth.

It is difficult to have patience to find it necessary to refute such an obvious and clumsy fabrication, compared with which the "Red Letter" was plausible. Even the *News Chronicle* (which journal and its correspondent have evidently been the victims of a deception) has begun to hedge, and, without yet withdrawing the "document," has confessed in its issue of July 12th that "in translation and in transmission . . . and in the course of summarisation inaccuracies of phraseology no doubt crept in." The forgery does not turn on whether or not a document was sent to the Czech Government; the forgery turns precisely on the authenticity of the sentences and definite statements attributed to the *News Chronicle* correspondent to Stalin, and which any serious student of politics could see at a glance on internal evidence alone could never have been written by Stalin.

In defence of the authenticity of the "document," Mr. Brailsford puts forward the following arguments:—

(1) What object, he asks, could Fascism or its agents have to produce such a fabrication, since its ostensible aim is to prove the military strength of the Soviet Union? This is really too simple. Of course a forgery must appear to have a plausible aim in accordance with its supposed source; and a forger will often use fragments of a genuine document in order to interpolate his fabricated sentences. The success of the object achieved in the case of this fabrication is shown precisely by its effect on Mr. Brailsford and those who think like him. It should always be remembered that the main propaganda task of the anti-Soviet campaign is not to convince the Right, who are already convinced, but to alienate the Left from the Soviet Union.

(2) Mr. Brailsford offers the "challenge" of a "conclusive test" according to whether or not the reference to sentence on Yagoda is correct. The logic of this is difficult to follow, even if the reference to Yagoda should be correct. If Fascism has an efficient Secret Service, it should be capable of learning facts not yet generally published. Apparently it has only to insert such a fact into a forgery, and the forgery will be accepted by Mr. Brailsford as proved genuine by a "conclusive test." If this logic is to hold, we are all at the mercy of Fascism.

(3) Mr. Brailsford argues that the official Voroshilov communiqué also shows a discrepancy, because it accuses the convicted generals both of political treason and of venality, and such a combination is in Mr. Brailsford's opinion impossible ("what is wholly incredible is the charge of venal treason"). Why impossible? Mr. Brailsford considers the only alternatives to be either General Monk or Esterhazy. If he wants historical parallels (which cannot finally apply, because of the difference of class conditions), why not ponder the life of the first Duke of Marlborough, not to mention Mirabeau? Their combination of large-scale political treason with venality may be "unknown to zoology," but is well known to history.

Finally, Mr. Brailsford endeavours to evade the serious point that his present opposition to Bolshevik policy does not date newly from the trials or from Stalin's leadership, but was equally marked against the Bolshevik Revolution from the outset and against Lenin's policies and leadership, not by answering the facts, but by an emotional appeal to his services to the general anti-Tsarist revolutionary movement in Russia in the past. But this was never in issue. We all honour Mr. Brailsford's services to the Liberal-Democratic fight and to the Socialist idea; alike in my letter to you and in my article criticising his attack on the

Soviet Union I paid tribute to them and will always do so. But cannot he see that these services, so far from mitigating the danger when he comes out from time to time on the enemy side, can only make such an attack the more serious? There are hundreds of the bitterest emigrés and enemies of the Soviet regime who boast of their past revolutionary records, but this did not prevent them taking service with Churchill and Kolchak. Mr. Brailsford claims that Lenin once thanked him for a service. There exists on record a letter in which Lenin thanks Ramsay MacDonald for a service. No one wishes to compare Mr. Brailsford with Ramsay MacDonald. But he should not use this kind of argument.

R. PALME DUTT

7 John Street, W.C.1.

THE BASQUE CHILDREN

SIR,—May I appeal through your columns to the kindness of your readers for Spanish books for the Basque children who are in the Leah Manning Home, Theydon Bois, Essex. Some of the older boys and girls have reached a fairly high standard of education and would welcome classical Spanish novels, poems and plays suitable for adolescents.

Some of these young people are also anxious to have text books of every kind, and it occurred to me that there might be many of your readers who have studied Spanish and have discarded their text books who would be glad to pass them on to us.

Story and picture books for the younger children, chess, draughts and any other kind of games, are greatly in demand and will be more so as the evenings grow longer. Anyone who cares to send books or games should address them to Señorita Carré, The Leah Manning Home, Theydon Bois, Essex.

LEAH MANNING

9 Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

"NEW STATESMAN" IN SPAIN

SIR,—I wonder if you would be kind enough to publish an appeal in your paper for used copies of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to be sent out here?

Partly owing to its extremely fair attitude on Spanish affairs, it is most popular out here.

Since I have been in Spain, a friend has sent me out regularly two copies, which get passed from hand to hand in the English Battalion, American Battalion, and to all other comrades who are able to read English. Finally, they are posted on to some friends of mine in the United States.

I understand that one copy, marked "Printed Paper," can be sent here for 2*d*.

CHAS. FREDERIC MORGAN

Soccorro Rojo, 15E
Plaza Del Altozona,
Albacete, Spain.

CARLYLE

SIR,—In his page upon "Current Literature" (July 17th)—one of those pages to which I look forward every week—my friend Mr. David Garnett attacks Carlyle, that master of dramatic history, as so many have done in the fifty-six years since his death. Happily for himself and all of us, Mr. Garnett is far too young to realise what Carlyle meant to us by his work during the forty or fifty active years of his heroic life in a changeful and revolutionary world—how he shook the complacent worship of wealth, and the accepted oppression of the working people. So, when Mr. Garnett tells us that Carlyle "fulminates, splutters, and more often than not misses fire," I let that pass as an outburst of the modern habit. But when he goes on to say that Carlyle was "excessively rude," I protest. I think I have read everything that Carlyle wrote, and almost everything published about him in biographies and letters, and I find the evidence contradicts Mr. Garnett's judgment. I could quote numerous instances, but one may suffice. On page 396 of the fifth volume of David Wilson's *Life of Carlyle* (a laborious work, more admirably continued by David Wilson MacArthur in this volume after David Wilson's death) we are told that Browning said to Sidney Colvin, "Carlyle is the most intensely, sensitively tender-hearted of men." Browning spoke as one having authority, and not as the Devil's Advocates of whom we have had so many since Lytton Strachey wrote, and I can hardly think that the most intensely, sensitively tender-hearted of men can have been "excessively rude."

HENRY W. NEVINSON

4 Downside Crescent, N.W.3.

STRIKE AT THE LAW COURTS

SIR,—There is little advantage to be gained from arguing about the dispute in the Law Courts, particularly as the Board of the P.A. has the case of the reporter under consideration, and in those circumstances the less said the better.

But Mr. Robbins' letter in your last issue leaves an impression far different from that received by the officials of the Union. Mr. Robbins says, "There was never any suggestion that the Press Association Board would not agree to a deputation being received," and he adds that the Editor-in-Chief said he would put before them the request for a deputation.

I can only say that, had the Union understood that, it is as certain as anything can be that the men would not have ceased work. We asked the Editor-in-Chief to meet us. To our astonishment he declined, and said the matter would be considered by his Board on the Tuesday. We could make any representations in writing which he would put before the Board.

We pointed out the difficulty of dealing with such a case by letter, and we urged that he should be in possession of the facts we had to put before him before he reported on the matter to his Board, so that the Board might be in a position to take a balanced view of it. He again declined to meet us. We certainly did not understand that the Board was going to be asked to receive a deputation.

C. J. BUNDOCK
(General Secretary)

National Union of Journalists,
7 John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

A SOCIALIST SCHOOL

SIR,—Last October you published a letter from a group of Socialist teachers in London who were proposing to launch a co-educational day school with a definite and conscious Socialist background. It may interest your readers to know that owing to the widespread interest and support aroused by this proposal, the plans for starting this school are well on the way to being realised. Suitable premises are in view in the Highgate district, a nucleus of children have been promised which should make it possible to launch the school, and more than £4,000 has been collected towards the sum necessary to buy and recondition the premises and to equip the school.

It would be possible, though difficult, to start the school immediately with the money so far promised, but the organising committee is anxious that the school should not be hampered in its early stages by lack of working capital, and it feels that at least another £1,000 should be collected to give the project the best chance of success. It is proposed to treat all money contributed to the launching of the school as loan capital bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum payable after the annual running costs of the school have been met. Promises of further donations and requests for further information about the school will be welcomed and should be addressed to Miss Tudor-Hart, 52 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

ROSE ALBU
ERNEST DAVIES
MARIE HEMMINGWAY
EDWINA HUWS
RUSSELL SCOTT
KATHLEEN SULLY
IVAN TUDOR
BEATRIX TUDOR-HART
Organising Committee.

Miscellany

A SCHOOL OF ACTING

THE students of the London Theatre Studio, under the general direction of M. St. Denis, are giving their second yearly show. It is a varied entertainment: singing, dancing, acting. It proves what students can accomplish under skilful direction, and it is well worth attending. The Kermesse Ballet at the close, the "Dance of the Possessed Woman," is a triumph of dreadful and gallumphing gaiety. To watch those half-drunk Breughel peasants being gradually worked up into a frenzy by the example of one woman in their midst is worth a journey to Islington. Signora Magito, who dances that part, is an artist, and since the whole scene of ordered rhythmic confusion is her creation (resting on the heavily discordantly exciting music of Mr. John Colman) she proves also an inspiring teacher. This dance is the only item in which a director performs with the pupils.

The dramatic items of the evening's entertainment are a scene from George Farquhar's *The Beaux's Stratagem*, five scenes from Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* and Act I of *Hay Fever*; and there are three interludes of songs and music, produced by Mr. Herbert Scott. The still beauty of Purcell's Quartet "Lost is my quiet" and the grave and massive joy of Bach's Chorale, "Brightest and Best," and of Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet," are likely to dwell in the memories of those who hear them. While the interlude of Victorian songs, Mendelssohn's "I would that the love," Sullivan's "Coming Home," and that absurd old radical song, "The Poacher's Widow," were, in quite another way, also examples of perfect production. The sentiment was not self-consciously guyed by the singers, but conveyed with just that degree of *over-solemnity* which shows it up. The gestures and costumes are delightful; the effect stimulates the slim smile rather than a guffaw—is, in short, right and highly enjoyable.

No one can expect students to give a fine performance in eighteenth-century comedy, to achieve that elegant alacrity of movement and that animated moderation in emotion and exact emphasis in speech which even the Comédie Française actors used sometimes, in spite of their traditions, to toil after in vain. On the first night the two beaux lacked spirit, nor did they take advantage of those opportunities for by-play their parts afford. On the stage a natural artificiality, when conscious flourish has vanished from deportment in the world outside, is hard to achieve. Miss Mary Alexander came nearest to the mannered gaiety required. Later she showed herself completely at home in the little part of Myra Arundel in *Hay Fever*. Then she had only to understand the type she was impersonating, and behave as she had seen Myras behave. She had not to interpret a convention as well as a character. *The Beaux's Stratagem* was the only item during the whole evening which bore the stamp of being a "school" production. There were, of course, shortcomings in the others; but both the Heywood scenes and *Hay Fever*, that rattling-good, light, modern comedy, had points any professional production might have coveted, and any audience enjoyed. Miss Merula Salaman was adroit in reflecting Mrs. Bliss's startling changes of mood; and she invented for that endearing but elderly actress, in her airiest moments, some gestures which showed a sure instinct for character-interpretation. For instance, a self-satisfied little trot and balance of the head as she moved about with a cigarette wagging between her lips, and an impulsive gesture of the hands while she was arranging flowers *and* talking of her too, too young "young man," which conveyed perfectly a little cuddle of triumph over the idea of his infatuation for her. So much for her children who think her day is over!

Sorel Bliss was acted by Miss Ann Hefferman with a complete understanding which even improved upon my recollection of that part, putting into it the faintest dash of pathos proper to a nice spontaneous badly brought-up child who adores a model of deportment utterly foreign to her. The smaller parts, Clara the maid, "Jackie" Coryton and Mr. Bliss were also excellent. The *ensemble* lacked something—probably timing. Certainly more could have been made of the amusing curtain.

Mr. Hereward Russell (Mr. Bliss) was admirably natural as the literary man descending slightly dazed from his work, and I watched him with delight abstractedly pouring out tea for his unwelcome guests, and I also *heard* him with delight in the part of Wendell in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. He obviously has a wide range. His elocution in the moving rhetorical love-speech in that play was admirable. His gestures, however, lacked variety. He was insinuating, urgent, but a trifle stiff.

In the opening of that play there is a problem for the modern producer. How is Frankford to speak his opening speech? Mr. Bannerman's delivery of it emphasised the self-complacency of the character. We are in any case only too painfully aware of that, though Heywood and his contemporaries were not. In this speech Frankford steps forward and tells the audience that he is the most fortunate of men: he has vast estates, everybody admires him, he is a perfect friend, he is so well born that he feels equal to the King *and* he has the most loving and beautiful of wives. In our self-conscious analytical age we interpret every word a character speaks from the stage as psychologically self-revealing. Of course, in Elizabethan and Jacobean times they did not. Such speeches were intended to inform the audience *about* a character, not to reveal it. What ingenuity the critics of Shakespeare have wasted in trying to explain passages intended as announcements, in terms of subtle character-drawing! Iago's declaration that he loves evil for its own sake is a case in point. He was merely labelling himself villain. Mr. Bannerman spoke Frankford's speech as though he were merely soliloquising, which had the effect of alienating our sympathies from the start. You cannot be sorry for an intolerably fatuous man when someone makes love to his wife. You say to yourself: "Poor woman, no wonder she preferred another," which, of course, makes nonsense of this play. If the speech is spoken as a piece of self-revelation, then the actor should speak it with fantastic high spirits, suggestive rather of those irresponsible moments when a man lets his self-satisfaction tower without taking what he tells himself seriously, *not* as though Frankford were gravely summing himself up. But it would be certainly safest to speak it as though he were simply telling *us*. "This is the sort of man I am, and presently you'll see what happens to me." That was the Elizabethan convention.

The scenes were, however, admirably conducted and delightful to look at. The climax was well led up to. Miss Genevieve Jessel was not responsive enough to her lover's declaration, but her crushed and drooping attitude in contrition was admirable, and so, too, was her flushed triumphant uneasiness while playing cards with her husband and her lover whose arms she has just left. The comic servants were spirited, but not always accredible. On the whole, like the whole evening's entertainment, the performance was astonishingly good.

The actors are those students who will be leaving at the end of this term after five terms' work. Some half a dozen of them have, I understand, obtained engagements. The costumes, scenery and properties have been made by their juniors in the School, some of whom take part in the singing. It is part of the School's training to impart knowledge of the means to theatrical effects, and taste in production; and one of the other things they evidently all learn is that artistic production is a result of enthusiastic unselfish collaboration. That is a lesson useful to even future "stars" and one absolutely essential to those doomed to play small parts. Without that faith interest in their profession must flag.

Tickets can be obtained from the London Theatre Studio, Providence Place, Upper Street, N.1.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

MUSIC AND WORDS

IN spite of what I have previously written about music and words having separate destinies which have been worked out during the past three or four hundred years, so that we have witnessed the historical development of the two quite distinct arts of poetry and music, still there remains a profound attraction, though, as yet, no true new marriage between them. I say "as yet" because I am by no means certain that the absolute destiny of each is to remain for ever separate. Every regenerative artistic movement begins with what may be described as a return to nature. Poetry which always begins with a story and a song has again and again developed into an intricate verbal art in which a complex combination of words is an end in itself, making an object, a work of art, full of power—by association of images and interplay of sounds and rhythms—that move us directly through the mind. Words being the

most abstract of all mediums—far more abstract than music, contrary to the opinion of Pater and Kierkegaard—poetry is beyond all the other arts in so far as it is a sort of abstracted compendium and amalgam of them all. Words are not only sounds assembled into rhythmic patterns, as musical tones are, but words also call up automatically visual images, because they stand for visual objects or for relationships between visual objects. Also they stand for abstract notions, generalised ideas derived from a multitude of objects and not only from objects but from associated feelings. Therefore, when a poet uses words he is using not only sounds and rhythms but visual images, emotional experiences and abstract ideas all interwoven into one harmonious form according to his ability. As the virtuosity of writers develops the writings of the poets become so complex that they cannot be taken in by the unaided ear at a single hearing but have to be pondered over by the contemplating mind. This is often called writing for the eye, and the phrase of itself reveals the more mixed character of the art of words compared with that of music, since many a poem has to be seen as well as heard to be understood. The art of words is the only art which has a dual approach to the human mind. Sculpture, painting, architecture, are all inaudible. They speak to the eye alone. Music is entirely non-visual, it speaks solely to the ear. Poetry speaks both to the ear and to the eye. But as a single approach is always stronger than a double approach, so poetry can never compete with music for the ear's attention or with sculpture and painting for the eye's attention and its appeal therefore would seem never to be as simple and as strongly sensuous as that of these other arts.

Strangely enough, however, the single approach can itself become so indirect and complex that it loses its power and we get in every art to a stage of pure virtuosity such as Rococo sculpture, Baroque architecture, the poetry of Browning and Swinburne, the music of Wagner, Richard Strauss and Debussy. The doing of the thing becomes more important than what is done and the emphasis is all on style and craft.

Let us now look at the history of the artist who is generally accepted in the English-speaking world to-day as the greatest living master of poetry, Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Yeats began with a true lyrical gift, he then became a great virtuoso in words under the influences of the great virtuosos of the nineteenth century—Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne. It is significant, by the way, that in the nineteenth century both in music and poetry the virtuoso became distinct from the creator. Keats and Shelley (like Beethoven and Schubert who are of much the same date, i.e., they belong to the overlapping period of the change of the century) were still primary creators, but Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, like Wagner, Brahms and Strauss, are of the new virtuoso type in whom creation is almost extinct. But we must remember that similar swingings of the pendulum to virtuosity have occurred once in almost every 100 to 150 years, and even in the lifetime of single individuals. Mr. Yeats by instinct revolted from this virtuosity of which he had become a master and returned to simplicity, to what has been called "the second simplicity," in which an absolute authenticity of utterance is sought for and virtuosity as such is eschewed because of the suspicion that it is empty of real content.

Now is it not significant that in his revolt from virtuosity Mr. Yeats has had a strong and persistent desire to wed poetry again to music? He has consistently experimented with plays and songs in which he has checked his verbal virtuosity by linking his poetry with action and music, and he is part editor of an excellent new series of "Broadsides" in which verse is wedded to music, published in Dublin by the Cuala Press. For the artistic "return to nature" in poetry is perhaps only to be achieved not by writing about flowers and birds in the manner of the Week-end Cottage School of poetry or by writing about machines, motor cars, power stations and aeroplanes in the manner of the new Garage and Hangar school of poetry, but in a genuine imaginative expression of human desires and feelings tested by their public as contrasted with their private utterance. It is this public utterance that is important and by "public" I mean common or universal rather than specialised experience. I believe that every gifted poet has desired to write dramas and songs which would appeal to unspoilt, unsophisticated but passionate and vital human beings. Mr. Yeats has written many lyrics which are really songs and should be sung, but who is to compose the music for them? Certainly not the expert modern musician using the diatonic scale, a scale devised for purely musical purposes, for keyboard instruments and to enable musicians to have at their service the whole wealth of harmony and easy modulation from key to key! The old ballad-singers and folk-song singers did not use keyboard instruments and depended entirely on their melodic line which fitted their words like a glove, both being generated together. In Ireland the tradition of folk-song being not yet quite extinct, Mr. Yeats is haunted by the possibility of his lyrical songs being sung. He himself sings them in a sort of chant which is not unmusical, though it is not music as professional musicians understand it. But the old folk-singers, even if they were using a recognisable mode, used to go flat or sharp as they wished for the sake of expression. When modern musicians have recorded these songs they have generally falsified them by fitting them to the procrustean bed of the diatonic scale and given them a keyboard accompaniment. They claim this to be done in the interests of music, but it is a false claim. It is conceivable that music, like poetry, needs regenerating by a return to a more natural expression. Artifice is not art; art is a marriage between reality and imagination. If the imagination is utterly free and unchecked it seems to become sterile. Similarly, reality without imagination is a dead photographic realism. But a true marriage between words and music may be fertile.

W. J. TURNER

AH, THAT WERE TRULY FINE....

AH, that were truly fine, to have been a fresh young devil,
Quite untender and lanky, with eyes of sloping flame,
Eyes to sear and seduce, and a forked tongue to whisper,
The black *becerro's* loins, and an Old Testament name;

And finer yet, surely? to have floated along the city
With the firm gait and gaze of an angel sent to redeem,
While stars leapt from his lashes and mane, and the sirens sounded,
And the girls would catch at his white wool, and the men blaspheme.

Down, Icarus, down! your wings are properly waxen;
No; this queasy condition, this pink-and-white parade
Are yours and mine and Gwen's and Harry's; follow the tramlines,
Put on your Calvin shirtfront, and praise God that he made

You, this you (forgive him he said it was in his image);
Bear with a noble sweetness the omnipotential pack
Of nerves and glands and humours that crowd your skeleton's branches,
And send you hop! like a flea from vice to virtue and back.

And if on violet nights with certain music prevailing,
You feel your eyes grow blue-seraphic, oh! pause and laugh,
As glancing oblique, they hit on shanks, ready and sulfured,
And a hoof tapping the rhythm, O grandiose Half-and-Half!

Then, pray, pray that as avatars melt over centuries,
The wicked velvet of tigers may clothe you—something sure,
Something clean, without alloy!—the grey armour of beeches,
Or even the ice of statuary, Pentelic and pure!

DERWENT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"St. Moritz," at the Coliseum

One of the great things about this delightful entertainment is that practically nobody speaks and except for a few songs and comic turns one's pleasure is to watch movement perfectly executed. The piece is ingeniously divided into three acts, the first and last on the ice, the middle in an hotel-restaurant, where a cabaret takes place. Here the high-water mark is the acrobatic turn of Hibbert, Bird and La Rue with first-prize to the girl, whichever of the three she is. But there is a first-rate little boy, who yodels, and a turn with dogs, the Gaudsmith Bros., which the animals for once seem to revel in. As for the skating, led by Miss Pamela Prior, the professional champion, and Erich Erdos, an athlete with a singularly graceful figure, it is enthralling. Any star of M. de Basil's ballet looks heavy beside this effortless grace and the movements of Hermann Steinschaden, a skater who on stilts raised a foot or so above the ice skims the surface in little else beside a coating of gold paint, belong to something quite outside everyday life. The chorus have, of course, learnt their job for the show and some of them are still in the clumsy class, but even they produce an ease of motion, which makes most revue-dancing singularly awkward. Refreshing in every sense of the word.

"Francesca da Ramini," at Covent Garden

It was presumably Tchaikovsky's symphonic poem which gave M. Lichine the notion of making a ballet about Paolo and Francesca, but it was difficult to forget the astronomical distance between the choreographer's conception and Dante's, and we might have liked the ballet better under another name. It began with a scene of melodramatic ferocity which successfully suggested the tumult and disorder of the Italian Renaissance, as shown, for instance, under the Baglioni at Perugia; it ended effectively, also in turmoil (Tchaikovsky was painting the horrors of Dante's Hell); but in the middle section the choreographer failed utterly to express romantic love. Paolo and Francesca looked at a large volume, and then where Dante uses the magnificent classical understatement "quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante," an Angel of Annunciation dashed on from the wings (surely a little premature as well as blasphemous) followed by Lancelot, Guinivere, and the corps de ballet dressed as angels from the waist up. When Guinivere was lifted to bless the lovers like the Good Fairy in a pantomime, the depths of vulgarity had successfully been plumbed. The duel between the brothers and the agitation of the crowd made a very effective finale. Mme. Tchernicheva's gifts as a mime were given little scope, and on the first night M. Lichine did not appear as Paolo. Our enjoyment of the ballet proceeded chiefly from Mr. Oliver Messel's decor. He has followed the paintings of the Quattrocento with very great taste. His second scene is quite enchanting, and the colour-relations of the costumes are admirably contrived. We think Guinivere's frock requires reconsideration and continuation, and we are sure it was a gross howler to use angels as symbols of adultery (for this M. Lichine is presumably to blame), but Mr. Messel has given beauty to a ballet which is mostly sound and fury, signifying little.

"King Solomon's Mines," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, from Monday

The film of *King Solomon's Mines* is not so exciting as the book used to be. This is partly due to its age and partly too, no doubt, to jaded taste, but all the same the film has weaknesses from which the book was free. The original story is not so valuable that minor departures from it are necessarily damaging. And in what is anyway fantastic, one is not entitled to grumble about small inaccuracies of custom and language—such as, for example, the convention by which the black men speak decent English but no recognisable Bantu dialect. But it would be insulting to Mr. Robeson to think of him as a small inaccuracy. His fundamentally gentle nature is as out of place in the proud and warlike Umbopa as is his velvety Mississippi bass on South Africa's dry and stony tracks. Once Mr. Robeson is engaged for a part, singing becomes inevitable. And *King Solomon's Mines* responds a little ludicrously to operatic treatment. Ungenerous though it seems to say so, this film would probably have been better with a lesser artist in Mr. Robeson's place, and if the interest had been focused more directly on his adventures. As it is, Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a gentlemanly Quartermaine. Roland Young as Commander Good delivers some very funny lines with full appreciation of their worth. African scenery and dances are included, but not sufficiently to satisfy enthusiasts or to bore those who don't care for that sort of thing. Even when things are going well in this film one is in constant danger from an arch Irish brogue.

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THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 23rd—
World Congress of Faiths, Oxford. Till July 27th.

SATURDAY, July 24th—
National Council of Labour Colleges Summer School, Belgian Labour College, Brussels. Till July 31st.
S.C.R. Garden Fête (including showing of Film, "Youth"), King Alfred School, N.W.11, 3. Tickets: 98 Gower St., W.C.1.
"Noah," Embassy.

SUNDAY, July 25th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Sin and Psychology," Conway Hall, 11.
Ellen Terry Memorial Performance, Smallhythe, Kent, 5.

MONDAY, July 26th—
Malvern Drama Festival; plays by Bernard Shaw, Henry Fielding, R. B. Sheridan and others, Malvern. Till August 21st.
A. Kohn on "The Catholic Church and the Spanish Struggle," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
"Desire," Everyman.

TUESDAY, July 27th—
Dr. Albert W. Palmer on "Cross Currents in American Peace Sentiment," Friends House, 1.20.
"The Little Wood," "The Elms," Hampstead, 3.
"The Impresario" (Mozart) and "Thomas and Sally" (Arne), Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Till July 31st.

WEDNESDAY, July 28th—
Fenner Brockway on his Visit to Spain, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 7.45.
"The First Legion," Daly's.

THURSDAY, July 29th—
Liberal Summer School, University Arms Hotel, Cambridge. Till August 4th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

CHARLES DICKENS was probably the most exuberant figure in the history of English literature and was idolised by his audience. He felt no trace of embarrassment when he appeared in public but gloried in the emotion he aroused, as Paul Robeson glories in his receptions. *The Speeches of Charles Dickens* with an introduction by Bernard Darwin have just been reprinted in the promising *Rosemary Library* (Joseph, 3*s.* 6*d.*), and they show how he loved cracking his little jokes and firing off his heavy platitudes. He loved also pointing his finger at the ladies' gallery, if the sexes were segregated, or of congratulating himself on the "bright fair faces clustered around him" if they were not. At Glasgow he trusted that the single ladies present would "never marry any but members of the Glasgow Athenaeum," and as they had been getting up a bazaar to buy books for the library he let his imagination play on "the manifold—I may say woman-fold—associations" which would connect these volumes with their donors. "I can imagine these ladies will always be active and that age will not wither them nor custom stale their infinite variety." He loved to announce, before beginning a reading from his own works: "I kiss the fair hands unknown which have so beautifully decorated my table this evening"—and, at its conclusion, after attempting vainly to retire, "to return to his desk with a tear in his eye that found its way to his voice." It was glorious and we can be certain that the girls beamed and blushed and never looked sulky and annoyed.

* * *

Of course we knew, or guessed, all that, and if we love Dickens it is partly because of his rollicking vulgarity without which his books would not have one quarter of their life. But the speeches remind us that the ostentatious theatricalism was only one manifestation of the vitality which made him also care tremendously about certain things and speak out vigorously. At the Manchester Athenaeum he attacked the enemies of popular education:

> How often have we heard from them that "a little learning is a dangerous thing?" Why, a little hanging was considered a dangerous thing, according to the same authorities, with this difference, that, because a little hanging was dangerous, we had a great deal of it; and, because a little learning was dangerous, we were to have none at all.

He hated inhumanity and especially the organised inhumanity of institutions in which all concerned can shuffle off their responsibilities. And he hated snobbery. His speech at the Royal Literary Fund is perhaps the best speech ever made by an English author on a subject which concerns his own trade:

> It seems to be rather the model kind of thing than otherwise now that if you get £100 you are to spend £40 in management; and if you get £1,000, of course you may spend £400 in giving the rest away. I went last year to a meeting of this fund. . . . The ball was opened with due solemnity by a real Marquis, who walked a minuet with the secretary, at which the audience were much affected. . . . To him succeeded a lord, then a bishop, then the son of a distinguished lord. . . . The question raised is whether this is a public corporation for the relief of men of genius and learning, or whether it is a snug, traditional and conventional party, bent upon maintaining its own usages with a vast amount of pride; upon its own annual puffery at costly dinner-tables, and upon a course of expensive toadying to a number of distinguished individuals.

* * *

It is amusing to speculate on what he would have said about the Nonesuch Dickens, the first two volumes of which will be published on July 26th. No doubt he would have loved it: binding each volume in a different coloured buckram would have appealed to his florid tastes. The edition is made up of 877 sets of twenty-three volumes published at 48 guineas a set. The price, we are told, will be raised to 52 guineas after the day of publication. Before considering the Nonesuch Dickens, we should ask ourselves how such limited editions come to be printed and what is their function. There are three possible reasons for buying a copy of a limited edition. First that it appeals to the aesthetic sense of the book-lover who appreciates fine printing and binding; secondly, that it satisfies the scholar by giving him a reliable and well-edited text; thirdly, that it satisfies the acquisitive magpie instinct in human beings which makes them value anything which happens to be scarce. Most of the subscribers to a limited edition are people who are part-aesthete, part-scholar and part-magpie, who are rich enough to indulge their tastes. The appeal to the human magpie, of course, arises out of the word "limited," though in practice it has never been the real attraction of the Nonesuch Press, which in the past has printed 1,000 or 1,500 sets and kept the price reasonably low. Though such editions were originally over-subscribed by commercially-minded collectors, who pushed up prices, Nonesuch books can now be obtained very reasonably second-hand and are not out of reach of the scholar. Some of them are of permanent value. *The Writings of William Blake*, edited by Geoffrey Keynes, is the most notable, though the scrupulous text of Mr. Farjeon's *Shakespeare*, and Mr. A. W. Lawrence's *Herodotus* richly annotated in the light of modern archaeology, are really great editions. The Dickens cannot be said to rank with them. It is being produced with all the original illustrations, printed from the original 877 plates, which have naturally been kept together. They are now to be dispersed at a giant party at which a lottery will be held and, in the event of the edition being fully subscribed, one block will go to each of the 877 subscribers. These steel plates and wood blocks are not objects which can give any aesthetic pleasure, or interest the scholar: they have only a magpie appeal and will merely waste space on the shelf. The net result of this silly distribution is to ensure that they cannot be used again for their proper purpose. If I were to own this edition and opened its twenty-fourth volume encasing one of the steel plates, I should feel like the little old gentleman who bit on the buttons:

> "You'll allow me to observe that I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons." "As buttons, sir!" says she. "Buttons, ma'am," says the little old gentleman, unfolding a bit of paper, and showing twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. "Nice seasonin' for sassages is trousers buttons, ma'am." "They're my husband's buttons!" says the widder, beginnin' to faint. "What!" screams the little old gentleman turnin' wery pale. "I see it all," says the widder; "in a fit of temporary insanity he rashly converted his-self into sassages."

* * *

I hope that if there is a single stout-hearted Dickensian present at the lottery party, he will exhort the company to give up its magpie spoil and hand over all the steel plates and blocks to some body which can be *trusted* to take care of them until they are wanted again. I do not pretend they are great works of art, but they are of interest, and part of the books they belong to. The beautiful quality of the illustrations to the first volume—*The Pickwick Papers*—shows that these plates are as good as when they were first used. Every line shows, and in my opinion they could not possibly have been printed better. The size is practically the same as that of the Nonesuch *Dryden*, but with wider margins to allow of shoulder notes. In consequence *Pickwick* is a trifle heavy in the hand. Dickens has, however, never been so well printed before or such a pleasure to read; purely as a piece of printing, the Nonesuch Dickens is almost perfect. The editors have been content to reprint the "Charles Dickens" edition, which was carefully corrected by Dickens himself. Pickwick, however, was written in parts and the story constructed so as to be read serially. It is therefore interesting to have the divisions indicated, but this has not been done. The real value of this edition is likely, however, to be in the letters which are to be edited by Mr. Walter Dexter, and will include several hundreds not previously published. There is something about this edition—in its mixture of great beauty and artistry, flamboyant advertisement, and gross breaches of decorum and faults in taste—which is curiously like Dickens himself.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Sing Holiday. By PETER CHAMBERLAIN. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.
The Bridge. By FRANCIS STUART. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Act of God. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Vive le Roy. By FORD MADOX FORD. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
A Murder in Sydney. By LEONARD MANN. *Jonathan Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Chamberlain's short stories, *What the Sweet Hell* (Chatto), were brilliant, with a corrosive and distinctive quality of their own, and I expected to find the same laconic and clever satire—with all the limitations of the type—in *Sing Holiday*, his first novel. His humour—if that is humour—was of the *sans commentaire* kind which our time likes, and I could imagine him having to deal with people who called his characters "unpleasant." But Mr. Chamberlain seems to have perceived that if he went on being laconic and *sans commentaire* for ever, he would sooner or later become starkly sentimental, and with this perception he grew. In *Sing Holiday* he has warmed and become genial. And the geniality of Mr. Chamberlain is genuine. It comes from another layer he has discovered under the surface brilliance of the short stories. It is something mature, forceful and alive and quietly enjoys itself without shame.

He has hidden himself this time in the respectable person of a middle-aged widower called Mr. Matthews who, bullied by his housekeeper, escapes with every possible misgiving to the Isle of Man for a brief holiday. Mr. Matthews is a trifle dull at the beginning as, continually fussing about his luggage, his time-tables and all the miseries of uprooting himself from his habits, he sits in his villa in a Birmingham suburb. But soon, one realises, Mr. Matthews is going to be a considerable character. His life has been an abeyance from living, but, once afloat in a strange world, he will be capable of anything. There won't be passionate love or fantastic adventure—other people will do that kind of thing if it is going to happen—but Mr. Matthews will rise to an occasion. It will not be a great rise, but it will seem tremendous to him, and Mr. Chamberlain will have made all his hesitations, his continual qualifications, his wobbling yet eventually firm inhibitions, so real to us that we too will feel that something tremendous has occurred. So Mr. Matthews finds himself to his horror among the motor racing crowd at a Manx hotel. Just as he thinks he'd better bolt the extraordinary company of racers cheerily take him up. They stand him drinks, they sweep him into bars and cars, they have him up at six to see their practices. They give him "tea avec" before breakfast. They call him "The Professor." He is made an official, he is given a press card. Why? He can't understand at first, and then he realises he is in a world of youth, of mad good nature and irresponsibility. Actually, they like him. They like everyone. Mr. Matthews is too nice to be critical of anyone except himself. Paternally, rather surprised at himself, he assists at the orgy.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh got the madness out of this subject; Mr. Chamberlain has added the facts, the high spirits, the gorgeous reality. Like Mr. Matthews, he hesitates, and then he lets the wonder fill him. "Ought to be shot," says Mr. Matthews, awakened by the tuning-up of racing cars under his hotel window shortly after dawn. But as the infernal noise goes on he characteristically qualifies, "Well, be given six months, anyway." Before long he has caught some of the madness and is learning the language like another Pickwick stormed by a host of Sam Wellers. The language—and who, after Mr. Chamberlain, will say that vernacular English lacks the kick and colour of American?—requires some learning. Mr. Chamberlain has an astonishing ear for talk. He gets the difference between the classy, shop slang of Archie and his friends who are for ever "lowering one" in the bars, and the jaded ragging of the press having trouble with the exchange and the London press-room on the long-distance wire to London. And here is the eternal British mechanic:

> "And why, when we'd ought to have seen Dan East's meccano-and-copper-wire, rattle-trap, old Lynx, he's mostly built up in his own backyard at home with a nine-inch file and a hack-saw, off as easy as easy, with these posh new jobs of ours? Why, I ask you? Because the bleeders won't use the right bloody stuff in the right bloody place, that's why, Mister. Straight, kid, it's enough to make a Jew join the German marines, it is and all! The designer bloke, Mac, he's all right, Mac is. He knows his onions does Mac, and I'd like to hear anyone say different. But, oh Mother kind, the perishers in the works! Strike me incapable, the perishers back in Brum! They'd drink Manx beer on a Bank 'oliday, they would, honest. Without a word of a lie, they'd make valve guides out of gas piping, if they went their own road. Fine lot of bloody engineers, a-drawing the bloody rate! They know less about what's wanted than my Auntie Elsie as passed away before the war's backside does, and I ain't a-codding."

My one fear was that, with so many of "the lads" taking "a high view" of the "bits of stuff" which had come over in boat-loads for the races, Mr. Matthews might lose his virtue. But Mr. Matthews is safe with his memories of his dead wife Alice—and one has the pleasant impression that there convention and feeling are so interwoven, that it would be an outrage if he or the author ever did more than mention her name. An assault on Mr. Matthews is indeed made and by the very girl whom he thought was probably the only "nice" one, but Mr. Matthews bolts from temptation with a heroism which is the final touch of glory to one of the most delightful and satisfying characters I have met for months. Mr. Chamberlain has revived the humourous tradition of the English novel.

Mr. Francis Stuart has matured in another way. I have never cared for his imaginative fantasies. That medium comes only too easily to Irish writers, and the sooner they come down from the hill of Tara, even though the music of the aeroplane has replaced the dewy whimper of the harp, the better for Irish letters. He has made the descent towards realism, and *The Bridge* describes the stagnation of a dying Irish seaport and the muddle which has come into the life of Larry Byrne, the Town Engineer, who has been reduced by gambling debts to doing dirty work for the local traffickers in poteen. What interests Mr. Stuart is the morality—if that is the name for it—of these provincial Catholic puritans, the distinction they make, for example, between the forgivable, because "necessary," crimes of swindling the municipality and the shipping companies and debauching the town with poteen, on the one hand, and the sin—the unforgivable because not inevitable sin—of committing adultery. No one in the book can bring himself to that, not even Joanna, the timid and emotional school teacher, who sits for two or three hours a week holding hands with Larry on a sofa in the private room of a local hotel. Yet this tepidity of the people, their curious under-sexedness, gives them a fretful innocence which is entirely real. There were obvious Laurentian temptations in the character of Orla, the daughter of the poteen-maker, that red-haired, large-boned, grey-eyed girl with the pale face and the slut's clothes; but, except when Mr. Stuart makes this mettlesome, vigorous creature talk like a book, he puts her down as truthfully as all the rest. She has passions, but they are rather—in the Irish way—of the athletic kind and, aware that there must be some crudeness in her candour, she shows an almost pathetic desire to know how to flirt! The small-town people are all good. Mr. Stuart knows how to show that ordinary people are not ordinary at all; what he does not show is that they have any particular significance in relation to God, nature or society—for Larry's worries are, after all, merely the worries of a weak character and not the conflicts of a strong one—and we leave the book, as we might leave any provincial town, without any impression that there is anything to remember, beyond the unusual sensibility of the guide. *The Bridge* is, nevertheless, a real advance and it ought not to be missed.

This quality of authenticity is not present in *Act of God*; on the other hand, it is not the kind of novel which requires the authentic. A miracle has occurred in a small town in the Riviera, the parish priest, a man with a genuine religious vocation, believes in it and puts up with the subsequent debauch of the town by sightseers. Discussions take place between an atheist English colonel (who has the atheist's fascination with the subject of religion) and the priest. An Anglican clergyman joins in and then the miracle turns out to be a fraud. The story is skilfully told around one or two cleverly sprung surprises which it would be unfair to reveal. Miss Tennyson Jesse has an acid way with people and a cruel eye for mannerisms. She does not like the human race—not at any rate on the Riviera—and this is an advantage in the kind of novel which is made to be an hotel-lounge discussion of the race's destiny. There is a good chapter about the aquarium where the Colonel identifies many of his enemies—I was reminded of Mr. Cyril Connolly's use of the rock pool—but one is never quite sure which is the Colonel and which Miss Tennyson Jesse. Perhaps a kind of priggishness or snobbery is present in all satire, but I thought it hard lines that the satirised characters should get snubbed for making cliché quotations, while the Colonel and Miss Tennyson Jesse can say "More joy in

Heaven over one sinner," etc., and a lot more beside and get away with it.

Vive le Roy is another example of how Mr. Ford Madox Ford enjoys writing. He enjoys himself so much that pleasure and understanding become almost an impertinence in the reader—as if one were to go to the Zoo and play in the bath which really belonged to a hippopotamus. He has the same heaviness in his wit. Yet there comes a time, after a chapter or two, when one gets the hang of that impossibly allusive style and its incurably oblique dialogue, and there is a certain excitement in finding what the book is about. This time, Mr. Ford Madox Ford has married a Phillips Oppenheim to a Henry James. His young American doctor, who comes over with secret funds for the French Communists at the moment when the Royalists have staged a counter-revolution and proclaimed a King, is given mysterious adventures. There is a pleasant, large and lachrymose detective and a bewildering number of wheels within wheels with Mr. Ford grinding an axe or two on them occasionally. He has zest, he has his enormous explained jokes and he is the only writer who makes any point of the pathos and wistfulness as well as of the panache of international politics. So the hippopotamus might gaze at man.

The Sydney of Mr. Mann is rather leaden after the high spirits of such an egoist. It is the Sydney of the hot beaches, the stifling suburbs, the business man going home. The young see the glamour of disillusion about the war dying in the injustices and bewilderment of the depression. The middle-class man strips to sun-bathe or to fly in on the surf rollers, trying to forget his nerves are on edge. They are dull enough people, and Chloe Martin, the voluptuous whore who is murdered, is perhaps symbolical of this over-ripe society which thinks of nothing but money and petting in cars on the hot nights. Something is lacking in the book. I think it is that, vivid as many of the pictures are, its people are merely statements about a situation. Physically real, they nevertheless have that glazed, stamped-out air of people in the coloured advertisements of magazines.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A STANDARD TEXT BOOK

The Backward Child. By CYRIL BURT. *University of London Press.* 20*s.*

The Backward Child, like the Village Idiot, has some cause to rue the passing of Compulsory Education Acts. In earlier times he was, no doubt, neglected. But left to himself he might in the long run slip into some peaceful sinecure. With sufficient family prestige he might even secure a safe constituency, possibly attain minor Cabinet rank. Compulsory education delivered him into the hands of his natural enemies. To begin with, he became literally a whipping-boy to relieve the feelings of baffled schoolmasters. When it became plain that the resources of formal education were exhausted he was handed over to the social worker, the eye doctor, the biometrician, the endocrinologist. Not infrequently his teeth were pulled. It is to the everlasting credit of educational psychologists that backward children have been rescued from the more tainted judgments and disciplines of this formidable array of specialists. How this degree of emancipation was effected can be gathered by reading Professor Burt's excellent text book. One of his conclusions indeed reads like the preamble to a charter of child liberties : " the chief reasons for educational backwardness are psychological." This conclusion is all the more significant since the author does not neglect constitutional, organic, and other non-psychological factors in backwardness. He examines with care and impartiality the significance of physical defects of development, of defective health, and of specific motor and sensory disabilities. On these matters the reader may with safety leave himself in Professor Burt's hands.

Unfortunately, it is not so certain that we can leave the backward child in the educational psychologist's hands. Even Professor Burt, whose experience of clinical psychology is unusually wide, falters when it comes to applying clinical standards to the problem. Having established that the main causes of backwardness are psychological he goes on to say : " In the majority the outstanding cause is a general inferiority of intellectual capacity presumably inborn and frequently hereditary." A defect of intelligence being, he says, at once inherent and all pervasive, is bound to limit, and to limit in every direction, the child's intellectual acquirements. From the clinical psychologist's point of view this is not only an extremely pessimistic conclusion but one which begs a very important question. Psychoanalytic schools in particular have long since observed that the intellect is almost as suitable a battle-ground for unconscious conflict as the body.

Study of obsessional neuroses and various forms of intellectual inhibition proved beyond doubt that many adults were not so stupid as they sometimes looked. As research extended from adult disabilities to the inhibitions of adolescents, children, and finally of infants, the relation of early emotional conflict and bad emotional environment to intellectual retardation and negativism became more and more manifest. A steadily increasing number of defective and backward children were brought to analysts in the hope that some of their intellectual deficiencies might be alleviated if not eradicated. The second of these hopes was, no doubt, over sanguine, but in one particular type of case the procedure proved justifiable. Children who show signs of psychotic development and who might otherwise proceed gradually into one of the states of adolescent insanity frequently exhibit the most remarkable forms of intellectual deficiency. They appear sometimes to be completely and hopelessly defective. As their general mental condition improves under treatment the intellectual faculties take a more normal aspect. Moreover, in the case of ordinary defective children, it is easy to show that primary defects of intelligence produce a crop of secondary deficiencies which, although apparently ineradicable, can actually be reduced by appropriate analytical and environmental handling.

The fact is that educational psychologists are repeating an error made by analytical psychologists in earlier days. They incline to take for granted that what they do not understand or have not investigated is bound to be innate. When psychoanalysts first established the mental structure of three-and four-year-olds they assumed too lightly that earlier factors in development were constitutional or innate. It is now known that the intellectual processes *developed* during the *second* year are responsible for the bulk of adult intellectual activity. And it is not difficult to prove that this early development of the intellect is a response to the instinctual tensions and recurring emotional crises of the first two years. The anxiety states which abound during that earliest phase are also directly responsible for a good deal of intellectual development. Unfortunately, these anxieties can also inhibit the intellect largely by bringing about a negativistic

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to argument, to study and laborious days. Good-bye to newspapers, housekeeping and accounts rendered. Good-bye to neighbours, good-bye to the cook and good-bye to the cat. We are off on holiday.

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NELSON

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form of flight. True innate factors apart, the whole problem of intellectual backwardness turns on the accessibility to influence of the early anxieties and animistic systems of infancy. If we can realise that to a small child a spoken word or a printed block letter may represent a persecuting enemy or a devoted friend it is easy to understand how very far from innate some of the earlier intellectual formations are.

But it would be manifestly unfair to blame Professor Burt for his comparative neglect of dynamic factors in the problem. It is true that the chapter on temperament and character is one of the smallest in a large book. But he does remind the reader from time to time that emotional factors both individual and environmental are significant. In the present state of education an author is more or less compelled to supply legitimate demand. The teachers, school medical officers and Child Welfare workers for whom he writes will take more kindly to a book on educational psychology in which primitive factors are discreetly kept in their place. Those who feel disappointed can always refer to other of Professor Burt's works in which his clinical skill and wide experience have been given ampler scope. His present volume can be regarded fairly not only as a standard text book but as a tribute to the progress made by the embryo science of educational psychology.

EDWARD GLOVER

BARNATO v. THE REST

Barney Barnato. By RICHARD LEWINSOHN. Translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

And here on the frontispiece (Elliott and Fry, *ca.* 1890) is Barney Barnato. He wears a silk-fronted frock-coat, grey trousers, a white slip waistcoat, a broad silk stock tie spreading itself under a wing collar, a large round Rooseveltian pince-nez with chain, and a faintly quizzical smile. One gloved hand fingers the waistcoat buttons, the other, resting on a highly rococo occasional table, holds an unlighted cigarette. It is a period composition; and Barnato was decidedly a period figure. He could not have had the same apposite luck, or used his peculiar faculties so aptly, at any other time or place than those which he made his own—Kimberley and the Rand during the twenty years when South African diamonds and South African gold were being discovered, extracted, exploited, organised, and fitted into the wider Imperial concepts.

He was a Whitechapel boy, Barnett Isaacs by name, born in 1851. His father taught him to box on the cleared floor of his shop, and Barney taught himself the rudiments of finance by getting hold of pass-out checks from West End theatre-goers and selling them for pence if he did not want to use them himself. It was, indeed, the stage that first attracted young Isaacs, and his new name, Barnato, was coined from a clowning act which he and his brother Harry worked in the lesser music-halls. But a more serious-minded cousin, David Harris, got his eye on the newly discovered diamonds in South Africa, took Harry off with him, and left the slightly hesitant Barney to follow a couple of years later. Barney arrived on the raw, rough diamond front in the late summer of 1873 by ox-wagon, with £150 of his mother's and a consignment of cigars provided by his brother-in-law, Joel Joel. And although a sudden violent slump had just set in, things soon began to move.

When he committed suicide, insane, at the age of forty-four, the *Times* obituarist cautiously remarked of this "curious and essentially modern figure" that "many of the grotesque stories about his early life were traceable to himself, since his humour frequently took the form of somewhat apocryphal 'revelations' as to what he had once been." And it may be a fault in Mr. Lewinsohn's spirited sketch of Barnato's life that he gives us little or no opportunity of weighing the exact measure of truth or legend in the story. But the story, even with a discount allowed, is an extraordinary one. Within a few months young Barnato had graduated from peddling pencils and stationery round the diggers' camps to a diamond-dealing partnership with one Loo Cohen, on a basis of £90 capital and forty boxes of Havanas. After a few instructive months of this, he went into a more serious partnership with his brother Harry, the beginning of Barnato Brothers. And then, in 1876, the fun began on the grand scale. Barnato's diamond sense became more and more quickened. He got on to the idea, heterodox to the older diggers, that the deep and dangerous "blue ground" diggings would prove Golcondas, and bought claims accordingly: at the age of twenty-three, from four of these tiny parcels of land, he was extracting diamonds to the tune of £90,000 a year. The late '70's and early '80's took the Barnatos farther and farther, and by then, with Cecil Rhodes in the foreground of the South African stage, the drama proper began.

Mr. Lewinsohn recounts the tactical history of the war and uneasy alliance between these two strangely contrasted men in a summary but picturesque way; and the background of that story is as rough and raffish as one could hope to see. Against it move the subtle Rhodes and the exuberant Barnato, the Biblical Kruger and the ingenious Jameson, the cautious Alfred Beit and the ruthless J. B. Robinson, and many others in the centre and on the fringes of African and Imperial politics: a tragi-comedy of high politics and earthy avarice. But in Barnato himself something snapped, and after a breakdown he suddenly threw himself into the sea off Funchal in 1897—on the eve of, appropriately enough, the Diamond Jubilee. And what the moral of his career may have been, who shall say? With conscious or unconscious irony the publishers of this biography remark: "Barnato's name was a byword for the pre-war generation. He is now generally considered as a supreme example of the successful speculator." There is quite a lot of food for thought in the story, and in this comment on it.

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A MARXIST ON INDIA

The Empire of the Nabobs. By LESTER HUTCHINSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hutchinson would be the first to admit that his book is a prelude to a history that needs to be written rather than the history itself. What he has done is to pass in brief review, from a Marxist standpoint, the whole history of India from the Mogul empire down to the day before yesterday. He has interpreted so as a supreme illustration in the case-book of imperialist adventure. In the result the perspective supplied is a valuable corrective to what appears in the normal history books. Figures like Clive and Hastings, Gandhi and Nehru fit into a background quite different from that to which we are accustomed. Mr. Hutchinson has taken

great pains over his account; and he writes so pungently that the book holds the reader's interest throughout.

Its importance lies less, perhaps, in its actual achievement than in the revelation of what its method can accomplish. A British philosophy of our rule in India tends to see the whole in terms of two things. There is the solid achievement of material benefit; there is the preparation, so it is supposed, of the Indian peoples for the status of self-government. Mr. Hutchinson shows forcibly and well the other side of the picture. His account is of a trading company which stumbled upon empire in the quest for profit and has surrendered fragments of its dominion to necessity while maintaining in its own hands the effective substance of power. His insistence throughout is that Britain in India is compelled by the logic of its interests to ally itself with the reactionary forces of India—the princes, the capitalists, the landowners. It is driven to control the nascent trade unionism of industrial India. It suppresses freedom of speech among the politically conscious Indians. It acquiesces in the grim poverty of the Indian ryot simply because to do otherwise would involve acquiescence in a social revolution fatal to its own imperial control. For Mr. Hutchinson the one hopeful feature in the landscape is the dawning consciousness of socialism on the Left of the Congress Party, as typified by Jawaradahal Nehru and his followers. He is not less critical of Mr. Gandhi than of Great Britain. For him, Mr. Gandhi is, above all, the representative of the Indian bourgeoisie whose hostility to British imperialism has, in the guise of hatred of violence, always stopped short at a point where the attitude of the masses has threatened the present class-structure of Indian society. He has no use for the present reform scheme which he regards as less even than the shadow of self-government.

Mr. Hutchinson argues his case powerfully and well. His is an essay on the limits within which any conception of imperial trusteeship the boundaries of which are set by the framework of capitalism must necessarily work. His case is not, I think, weakened by the fact that many civil servants have devotedly served the highest conception of the trust confided to them. The true test of our rule lies in the lives of the princes (who live by our support) and in such a picture of Indian conditions of industry as has been drawn by the Whitley Commission. Within the present system of Indian class-relations there is no solution to the problem of India's poverty. Yet, as Mr. Hutchinson makes manifest, that system is essential to the maintenance of British rule in India. No party in Great Britain has even begun seriously to think of the issues set by that grim fact. As he says, a free association of India with a Socialist Britain is, in its implications, a thinkable relationship. Upon the present terms, the new phase is merely one act in a momentous drama which moves slowly towards inexorable conflict.

H. J. LASKI

JUS SCINTILLANS

For Lawyers and Others. By THEOBALD MATHEW. *Hodge* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mathew gives so many good openings that it is only the lucky chance of an old personal recollection that saves me from the "hab-nab at a venture" which was Walter Scott's recipe for writing novels. The first time I lunched in hall as a student of the Middle Temple my attention was disturbed from my chop by a voice that rumbled up, into and round about the hammer-beam roof and then came down again with reinforced magnificence, like the accents of Jehovah. The source of it proved to be a large elderly gentleman in a grey summer frock suit that had seen much better days but was still worn with an air. Also worn with an air were, *item*, a walrus moustache, *item*, a gold-rimmed pince-nez "which ever and anon he gave his nose and took't away again" with carefully timed effect. This personage, as my right-hand neighbour at table informed me, was the great Wildey Wright and presently I was favoured with anecdotes about him, "some slightly tinged with truth, and some With impropriety." The old hero was doing himself well in port, and he limped very sadly as he went up to the desk to pay his bill.

"Wildey" figures prominently in Mr. Mathew's chapter on "Legal Ghosts," in pencil as well as pen. (The sketch of the great man advising his "devil" to avoid, if possible, the necessity for calling the plaintiff is the perfection of caricature.) He was about the last of a race of barristers now extinct, who had more sense of the glory of their professional status than of the proprieties that should attend it. Grandiloquence was their strong

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But, marry come up ! The higher slopes of the law are not always barren pastures. There is a surprising amount of good literature to be found in the volumes of Appeal Cases, for—to mention but three names—Bowen, Macnaghten and Sumner would have been distinguished men of letters if law had not offered them handsomer rewards than literature could. Bowen and Nacnaghten were gracious souls. Sumner was not, but he was a master of expression. Mr. Mathew thinks there is room for a volume of Sumneriana. Perhaps he will consider the task himself. He gives us the following unrecorded specimen of the Sumnerian manner from a summing up in a City case :

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VIVE LE BLUM!

The Framework of France. By H. G. DANIELS. *Nisbet*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Léon Blum : From Poet to Premier. By RICHARD STOKES. *Jarrolds*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This book by Mr. Daniels, until recently Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is no more than what it pretends to be. It is aptly called *The Framework of France*, and is, as it were, a book of anatomy, rather than of physiology. It deals with the structure of French institutions and with "essentials" of French policy rather than with France as a living organism : and, in spite of many generalisations about "the French character," the reader is seldom, if ever, put into contact with Frenchmen as human beings. The chapters on the more "static" subjects, such as the educational system, are excellent ; but the author fails to give one a clear idea of the dramatic changes that France has undergone in the last five or six years. Once or twice he refers vaguely to the Front Populaire, but the name of Blum is not mentioned once—rather an achievement in a book on present-day France ! Some of Mr. Daniels's statements on recent events are misleading, for instance, when he says :

> When the masses of workmen from St. Denis and Belleville marched through Paris on February 12th, 1934, to leave their mark on the shattered shop fronts of the Champs Elysées and the boulevards, they were revolutionary Parisians in revolt.

He is here, surely, confusing the General Strike of February 12th, an admirably disciplined affair, which was certainly not accompanied by any looting of shops, with the night of anarchy on February 7th—the day after the Concorde riots—when, owing to the disorganised state of the police, the underworld rabble were able, during two or three hours, to loot west-end shops with impunity. But this rabble had certainly no connection with "revolutionary Parisians in revolt."

Mr. Stokes's *Léon Blum : from Poet to Premier* is a potboiler written in "bright" American journalese. John Gunther commends it for its erudition. It begins with a descriptive piece about the 14th of July, 1936 :

> In a host of banners it [the procession] flaunted by, garnished with one device or another, like the hammer and sickle or the numeral "III," denoting the Third International.

As it happens, the "numeral III"—by which Mr. Stokes means the three arrows—is the emblem of the Second, and not the Third International. A few lines farther down we are told that—

> from the lapel of Blum's deftly modelled business suit of grey flared a Legion of Honour rosette.

Blum has never had a Legion of Honour rosette. On the next page we read :

> "*Vive le Roi !*" had been the outcry in 1660. Now, with an uproar as tumultuous, it was "*Vive le Blum !*"

Really ! The remainder of the book is almost equally "erudite," with the exception of the chapters in which Mr. Stokes simply summarises some of Blum's own books—and so will save some of us the trouble of reading them. If Mr. Stokes describes accurately the first two or three months of the Blum Government, he clearly misunderstands Blum's attitude to the Spanish Civil War ; but,

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The Framework of France. By H. G. DANIELS. *Nisbet*. 10s. 6d.

Léon Blum : From Poet to Premier. By RICHARD STOKES. *Jarrolds*. 12s. 6d.

This book by Mr. Daniels, until recently Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is no more than what it pretends to be. It is aptly called *The Framework of France*, and is, as it were, a book of anatomy, rather than of physiology. It deals with the structure of French institutions and with "essentials" of French policy rather than with France as a living organism : and, in spite of many generalisations about "the French character," the reader is seldom, if ever, put into contact with Frenchmen as human beings. The chapters on the more "static" subjects, such as the educational system, are excellent; but the author fails to give one a clear idea of the dramatic changes that France has undergone in the last five or six years. Once or twice he refers vaguely to the Front Populaire, but the name of Blum is not mentioned once—rather an achievement in a book on present-day France! Some of Mr. Daniels's statements on recent events are misleading, for instance, when he says :

> When the masses of workmen from St. Denis and Belleville marched through Paris on February 12th, 1934, to leave their mark on the shattered shop fronts of the Champs Elysées and the boulevards, they were revolutionary Parisians in revolt.

He is here, surely, confusing the General Strike of February 12th, an admirably disciplined affair, which was certainly not accompanied by any looting of shops, with the night of anarchy on February 7th—the day after the Concorde riots—when, owing to the disorganised state of the police, the underworld rabble were able, during two or three hours, to loot west-end shops with impunity. But this rabble had certainly no connection with "revolutionary Parisians in revolt."

Mr. Stokes's *Léon Blum : from Poet to Premier* is a potboiler written in "bright" American journalese. John Gunther commends it for its erudition. It begins with a descriptive piece about the 14th of July, 1936 :

> In a host of banners it [the procession] flaunted by, garnished with one device or another, like the hammer and sickle or the numeral "III," denoting the Third International.

As it happens, the "numeral III"—by which Mr. Stokes means the three arrows—is the emblem of the Second, and not the Third International. A few lines farther down we are told that—

> from the lapel of Blum's deftly modelled business suit of grey flared a Legion of Honour rosette.

Blum has never had a Legion of Honour rosette. On the next page we read :

> "*Vive le Roi!*" had been the outcry in 1660. Now, with an uproar as tumultuous, it was "*Vive le Blum!*"

Really! The remainder of the book is almost equally "erudite," with the exception of the chapters in which Mr. Stokes simply summarises some of Blum's own books—and so will save some of us the trouble of reading them. If Mr. Stokes describes accurately the first two or three months of the Blum Government, he clearly misunderstands Blum's attitude to the Spanish Civil War; but,

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worst of all, his book says next to nothing about the immensely important part that Blum played in French public life between 1919 and 1935 as leader of the Opposition, as *tombeur de ministères*, and as the most ardent disarmament propagandist in France. It is a period infinitely more important than the early years of literary dilletantism, on which Mr. Stokes prefers to dwell.

A TORY FROM THE PITS

Coal-Miner. By G. W. A. TOMLINSON. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Tomlinson is an unemployed Nottinghamshire miner whose intense love of Nature evidently made pit-life almost intolerable to him. His book gives a good account not only of the endurance, humour, tenderness and bravery of his fellows in the pits, but also of their passion for rural activities, breeding pigs, growing vegetables and flowers. His admiration for the miners is very warmly expressed, and he thinks that "the people of this country should unite in demanding a proper wage for them and better conditions both in the pit and at home."

But poetic emotions and a gift for self-expression are not the only qualities which distinguish Mr. Tomlinson from his fellow-miners; he is also a convinced Conservative. He was a "missioner" of the National Labour Committee in his constituency, and stood against the Socialists in the last County Council elections. He remembers that in his childhood a strike meant short rations and general misery in the home and seems to conclude that the Trade Union as it orders strikes must be the miners' enemy. Also he regards Socialism as mysteriously un-English—and his passion for England is genuine.

> Of drinks other than beer I know nothing at all—few colliers do—but about beer I know plenty. I know that it is an English drink; that it has been an English drink for many generations and that, being as English as all that, it cannot be such a bad thing.

It is doing Mr. Tomlinson no injustice to summarise his anti-Socialist arguments in the same form. "Of economic systems other than capitalism I know nothing at all, but about capitalism I know plenty. I know that it is an English system; that it has been an English system for many generations and that, being as English as all that, it cannot be such a bad thing." His heart is in the right place, but he does not use his mind at all: the advantages (or, as we presume he would think, the disadvantages) of nationalising the mines do not get so much as a mention.

The most remarkable fact about this book is that it is being strongly recommended by prominent Conservatives. Mr. Tomlinson procured a scholarship to their college at Ashridge, and Mr. Arthur Bryant finding him there reading Shelley gave him some tips on how to write. These have evidently been successful:

> When I was at school we had a teacher who used to give pennies to the boys who could name most of the leaves which he (the teacher) had gathered in his week-end walks. He said he was a nature-lover. I am afraid I always felt he was a liar. He didn't thrash his wife to show the people next door that he liked her; he didn't kick his fox-terrier to prove his fondness for dogs. Why then did he break branches from the trees if he loved them? I never won any pennies at school, but I often apologised to every kind of tree from which he had broken the sprays.

This sort of stuff has an enormous public, and a writer who can turn it out should never again be unemployed.

> The poems of Lawrence make me feel sick. . . . Few of the modern writers, who have ferociously discarded the old standards of morality and prosody will, I am convinced, ever write anything that will live. . . .

Then he quotes some familiar lines of Gray and Keats and adds:

> Perhaps it is all old-fashioned, I don't know; but it tells me of England and beauty. It has made me forget hunger and loneliness and poverty. It has kept my mind free of class-hatred, and taught me to believe in God, and the future of my country. I don't suppose that the poets expected it to do more than that.

Shelley, at any rate, expected a good deal more, and it is odd that reading the poets should have made Mr. Tomlinson a potential successor to the pulpit of Mr. James Douglas. Also as an argument in favour of the private ownership of the means of production this is not very telling. And it is the measure of Conservative simplicity that it hopes to defend the existing economic system by encouraging a nice simple-minded man like Mr. Tomlinson to write in the style of a sob-sister on the *Sunday Express*.

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The White Sahibs in India. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Reynolds went to India as a free lance sympathiser with the Gandhist cause. He witnessed some dreadful episodes of the civil-disobedience crusade, and attained a niche in history as the bearer of a message which led to the Irwin-Gandhi agreement. He is a thorough-going advocate of National Congress extremism and sees nothing in British rule save exploitation and fraud and malignant oppression. This book is probably the most unqualified indictment of the British system since the days of H. M. Hyndman, and its plan will ensure the maximum of satisfaction for England's foes. The author has collected facts and judgments from every quarter, beginning with the earliest days of the East India Company. He quotes mercilessly, continuously, and adds a section of notes at the end of each chapter so as to underline his accusations. He quotes without discriminations, as though any statement found in print is to be accepted as authoritative. He should know that it is not customary to cite a sixpenny handbook as So-and-so's *History of India*, and he would have done well to remember the perils of quotation at second hand. Thus he cites a sharp comment of Emerson's upon English ways, apparently without knowing that in the same place Emerson wrote "They are expiating the wrongs of India by benefits." To Mr. Reynolds everything British is evil, while everything Asiatic is right, as when he, an English non-resistant, finds it quite proper that in Afghanistan the relatives of a person killed by a motor-car are permitted to shoot the driver. His recklessness in statement is deplorable. He will say, for instance, that every effort has been made in England "to represent Gandhi as the champion of Brahminism and the opponent of the Depressed Classes"! Mr. Reynolds' carelessness is seen no less in the handling of his authorities. Many well-known names he is unable to spell correctly, while he refers several times to Sir Valentine Chirol, the famous foreign editor of the *Times*, as a former editor of the *Times of India*. British rule in India has, of course, a very dark underside, and it has frequently been exposed by English writers of knowledge and conscience. Mr. Reynolds' methods seem to reveal him as being chiefly desirous of adding fuel to flames already sufficiently dangerous for all concerned.

Introducing Leslie Hunter. By T. J. HONEYMAN. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Leslie Hunter was a Scots painter of moderate talents and commensurate reputation who died in 1931. Dr. T. J. Honeyman's reason for writing this book has been an admiration for Hunter's work, which he says is arousing increasing interest. He has described

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what must be the pattern of a Bohemian case history. Early struggles, absent-mindedness, letters that show more personality than intellect, conscientiousness as an artist causing unreliability as a business associate, and a tendency to ignore the benefits of regular meals causing serious illness in the end. Mr. Honeyman has quite a lot to say about art criticism and art dealing in London and Glasgow, but Hunter's career was so generalised that it would take a biographer of genius to bring him to life as a character. The illustrations, particularly the sixteen colour plates, are perhaps the best introduction he could have. His paintings have vitality but no great depth of feeling, his colour is brilliant, but its brilliance is without nuance and too easily exhausted. At its best (generally in his quick brush drawings) Hunter's art is agreeable, but it is never very impressive. For biographies, even those of artists whose works are in a way themselves autobiographical, a certain amount of life is essential, either as lived by the subject or as conjured up by the author. Lacking this advantage, Mr. Honeyman's book is a little flat.

The Syrian Desert. Caravans, Travel, Exploration. By CHRISTINA PHELPS GRANT. *Black.* 18*s.*

This scholarly and fascinating book contains the history of the routes across the Syrian Desert, from the Phoenicians of the twelfth century B.C. to the Imperial Airways of the present time. Dr. Grant seems to have read every relevant document, and has also spent four years in the Near East. She makes clear the historical importance of the Syrian Desert as a trade-route, and the reasons for the increases and decreases in its traffic throughout history. She gives extracts from the accounts of travellers, European and non-European, in different ages, and paints a lively picture of the pleasures, discomforts and risks of caravan life. Anyone who has made the land-passage across this desert must retain an extraordinary impression of its extreme beauty. In spring it is green, and alive with sand-partridges and myriads of butterflies. And the traveller from the west coming suddenly upon Palmyra, through a pass in the hills, finds that their remoteness lends to these ruins a mysterious charm to which their feeble architecture would not entitle them. It is impossible to speak too highly of Dr. Grant's book, and it will certainly remain the standard authority on the subject.

A Key to Modern English Poetry. By MARTIN GILKES. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

This is a quite competent and readable little book without surprises. Hopkins, Imagism, War Poetry, Eliot and Pound, the Sitwells, Yeats, Auden-Spender-Day Lewis—the sequence seems inevitable in any book dealing with "modern poetry." Most of what Mr. Gilkes has to say has been said before, though the quotations are freshly chosen. But how much this view leaves out! The chapter on Imagism, for example, contains not a single word about D. H. Lawrence or Marianne Moore—both infinitely better poets than H. D. Neither is quite an Imagist, perhaps: does that exclude them? Mr. Gilkes likes discussing the much-discussed. (Needless to say Frost, Campbell, etc., are omitted.) He has a sharper eye for movements than for poets; what his book lacks is any trace of an individual taste. Academic enthusiasm—yes, he has that; but it will need more coaxing than his to get us back into Dr. Leavis's strait-jacket.

The Pompadour. By MARGARET TROUNCER. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

This picturesque but rather melodramatic description of the private life of Louis XV with the Pompadour as mistress-in-chief is chiefly interesting for its detailed account of eighteenth-century fashion and the routine of Court life at the Tuileries. Without a wide knowledge of the period it is difficult to follow the intrigues, amorous and political, because the author does not take sufficient care to order the immense amount of knowledge at her disposal. It is heaped upon the reader for the purpose of creating "atmosphere." Individual character is lost in the confusion, but one gets a vivid impression of what everybody looked like. There are sixteen excellent collotype illustrations.

Under the Japanese Mask. By MILES W. VAUGHN. *Lovat Dickson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It would seem that almost every American journalist who has lived in the Far East feels an irresistible impulse to make a book out of the jottings in his diary and his press clippings, even if, like Mr. Vaughn, he has never had the time or inclination to study the countries he writes about, and has confined his observations to good reporting stories. This book in no way justifies its title; one has got no further "under the Japanese mask" at the end than at the beginning, although one may have learned a lot about Japanese geisha and drinking parties. Here, however, the English publishers, rather than the author, may be at fault, for in the U.S.A. the book has appeared under the title "Covering the Far East." It is as much concerned with China as with Japan, but it compares unfavourably with the work of those other American journalists Upton Close and Edgar Snow. Mr. Vaughn is a tough newspaper-man who admires the Japanese because of "the superiority of action over words." If one has the patience to wade through the whole book, with its frequent digressions into the irrelevant, the personal, the trite, and the all-too-familiar local-colour anecdotes, one can find some new information throwing light on recent Far Eastern history. Fresh evidence is brought to show that had the British and French Governments been willing to co-operate with the U.S.A., Japan could not have held Manchuria, and that the Japanese were "worried to the point of desperation" after the Stimson note. The author shows how the British feared to give Russia "an indirect boost," and he accuses the French in particular of encouraging Japan. "Paris . . . let the Japanese know very quietly that France would never agree to join in military action." The Italians were only too glad to see that the League of Nations could not stand up against the sword and that, in the words of the Italian military attaché, "fertile mothers are worth more than petroleum fields." Mr. Vaughn gives several interesting examples of the way in which British correspondents misrepresent news in order not to let Britain appear in an unfavourable light. "It was part of their training—most of them were of the London *Times* school of journalism—that anything pertaining to British welfare should be carefully presented, with always an eye kept on the maintenance of British prestige in world opinion. I could not agree with their methods, which often resulted in a most distorted presentation of the news."

The Land of Wales. By EILUNED and PETER LEWIS. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Face of Ireland. By MICHAEL FLOYD. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These two additions to the British Heritage series have the best characteristics of their predecessors. Their profuse and apt illustrations, which often rival in quality the kind of photographic reproduction which you normally expect to find in a German guide-book and to miss in an English one, make them attractive to the armchair reader who has no hope or intention of visiting the engaging places with the outlandish names here described. But they are of equal interest to the tourist, who requires not so much description and illustration as the provision of some kind of background against which he can view the country he is visiting, and who is not satisfied with the skeleton repast of Baedeker. The authors of each of these books perform their exegesis with skill and commonsense. The reader does not receive a flood of dry ethnological or pre-historical information which serves only to bore where it should excite; he is told the right and obvious things with just enough savour from the author's personality to make them tempting. Perhaps *The Land of Wales* is the better book, because the authors have been more retiring and have not indulged to the same extent as Mr. Floyd in descriptions of scenery which are mere expressions of a personal predilection; but what might seem to the tourist a defect in Mr. Floyd will seem a real quality to the stay-at-home reader.

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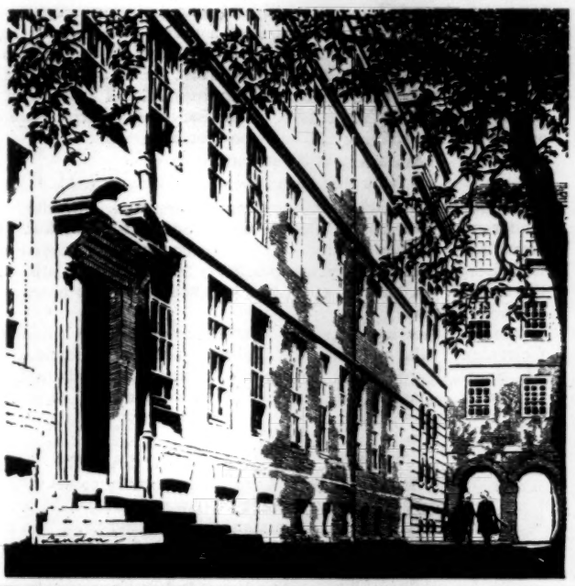

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Week-end Competitions

No. 384

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The noble sentiments of "Rule Britannia" are so belied by the present discretion of British foreign policy that a new version drawing upon the new delicacy and refinement in English political utterance ("We deeply deplore . . ." etc.) is indicated. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for such an urgent revision of the first two verses of that hymn.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 382

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best comments, in not more than 200 words, of the undermentioned fictional characters on their respective creators:

Bertie Wooster on P. G. Wodehouse; Father Brown on G. K. C.; Mr. Polly on H. G. Wells; Jesse Oakroyd on J. B. Priestley; Lord Peter Wimsey on Dorothy Sayers; Alfred Doolittle on Bernard Shaw; John Shand on Sir James Barrie; Mr. Prohack on Arnold Bennett; One of the Children from "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" on Hilaire Belloc; the Duke of Dorset on Max Beerbohm; Marlow on Joseph Conrad; or Colonel Blimp on Low.

Only one comment by one character is asked for from each entrant.

Report by Allan M. Laing

There were just about forty entries for this not very easy competition. Lord Peter Wimsey was first favourite with eight; Father Brown and Colonel Blimp came second with seven each; then Bertie Wooster, whose fans numbered six; Mr. Polly, Alfred Doolittle and Mr. Belloc's Bad Child had three each; Marlow, two; and Oakroyd, one. Rather surprisingly, no competitor tackled John Shand, Mr. Prohack or the Duke of Dorset.

L. V. Upward, as might have been expected, caught the Wooster manner best, and he just misses a prize. Joan Jukes achieved a recognisable Alfred Doolittle, Joab a highly amusing and "Wellsaceous" Mr. Polly, and W. H. Black a first-rate Jesse Oakroyd. The Blimps were, on the whole, unoriginal and disappointing, except for S. T. England's entry, which consisted of a sketch showing the gallant and egregious Colonel swinging vigorously to the Right, while remarking that Low could not be a Bolshevik, since he had a sense of humour. But this implies that Colonel Blimp himself has a sense of humour, which is absurd. Two at least of the Bad Child entries were excellent, one of them containing the only-too-true aphorism:

And every child at bottom hates
A book that hasn't *coloured* plates. (S. M. F.)

Several good Father Browns were submitted, but they showed a tendency to overdo the Chestertonian romp with paradox. Oberon's, however, is highly commended. The erudition displayed in dealing with Lord Peter Wimsey was positively frightening; Latin, Greek and the English poets were set up and knocked down like ninepins to make a Sayers holiday.

While suggesting that the First Prize should be divided between Coleridge Hills and William Ralston, and the Second awarded to M. Snow, I would like to emphasise that very little indeed, in my judgment, separated some of the other competitors mentioned above from the prize-winners.

FIRST PRIZE (1)
WIMSEY ON DOROTHY SAYERS

In a letter from Lord Peter Wimsey to his wife.

. . . A year ago some myopic reviewer wrote, "Now that Peter Wimsey has made an honest woman of his Harriet . . ." as who should say, "Now that David Garnett has made a lady of his fox." You were honest before, Harriet, and—witness the gods—a woman. And we credited ourselves with intelligence. But "your marriage is a sore decayer of your whoreson character. . . ." What is the *motive* of our learned creatrix in getting us thus hooked up? C'est joli, mais ce n'est pas le crime. Would she drown us, anon, in the slough of domesticity and Audley Square?

For what is thy beloved more than another beloved, oh thou fairest among women? We are brave puppets—but our dalliance is prescribed. I should have been a pair of ragged claws. . . . No, not claws. (A beak, you will say; but I can wear mine with a diff— oh, damn Shakespeare!) What I mean is, Had'st thou the wicked skill By pictures made and mar'd, to kill. . . . But good God, Harriet, there's the solution! Why don't *you* start writing books about *her*? "If it were Donne. . . ."

COLERIDGE HILLS

FIRST PRIZE (2)
MARLOW ON CONRAD

"He was small, Napoleonically small, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you, his shoulders square, his figure tapering to his feet, an enlargement, as it were, of his face which was broad-browed, dark-eyed, pointed with a beard."

Many times, in distant parts of the world, Marlow showed himself willing to remember Conrad, to remember him in some detail but always briefly, shyly, and to some extent as if he had been forced to talk against his will.

Perhaps it would be after dinner, on the canvas-screened poop, in the deep dark. The elongated bulk of each cane-chair harboured a silent listener. Now and then the fiery glow of a cigar end would move abruptly.

"Really he was innocent but inquiring," Marlow went on in a low voice, "innocent but enormous. Oh! yes, he was enormous. I tell you . . . he was inescapable. Something at once inescapable and innocently inquiring. He pinned you, as the inscrutable Stein would pin a butterfly, without malice, indeed with an almost kindliness . . . and he would classify you with an analysis at once accurate and beautiful in the exactness of its detail; lovely in its lingering leisure."

WILLIAM RALSTON

SECOND PRIZE
BROWN ON G. K. C.

"Just for a handful of silver," said Freeman, flinging down G.K.'s Weekly.

"Just for a handful of your grandmother," said Father Brown. "Oh, you silly, silly people! Oh, I know the man's a traitor. I know he left the Liberal Party after giving all the reasons for never leaving it. And I know his reasoning powers are equal to anyone's in England (whatever that amounts to). I know he ratted after all, and he must have done it for some bribe. But he didn't do it for silver or a ribbon, because neither of those things would be any temptation to him. The bribe was much more subtle. He found that the people who supported the party he believed in did a lot of other things that he didn't believe in and didn't like. And he followed Association instead of Reason, just

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to your Digestion

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APOLLO. London After Dark. Tues., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tues., Fri.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. They Came By Night. Wed., Thur.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PHOENIX. Judgment Day. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thursdays.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

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YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.
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JESSICA TANDY. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
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NOTICE TO Classified Advertisers

OWING to the steady increase of Classified Advertisements the Advertisement Manager regrets that it is no longer practical to accept telephone dictations on Wednesdays. Exception will be made only in cases of genuine urgency. Advertisers can materially help the Department by sending their instructions as early in the week as possible, and never later than first post Wednesday morning.

The Advertisement Manager,
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

like all the country squires he denounced. 'No fellow thinks that who's a sahib, what?' The bribe was intellectual ease.

"And it is not a human being who offers that bribe.

"No, the first line won't do."

At this point the morning paper arrived, and Father Brown saw the front page.

"But the last will," he said.

M. SNOW

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 238.—PLYMOUTH HOE

[*A simple problem about a simple game, after the intricacies of Tennis and Golf.*]

"The Armada's in sight, Sir Francis," said the messenger.

"Good," said Drake. "We shall just have time for eleven ends, Frobisher."

"It's some time since I played," said Frobisher. "Remind me of the rules, Drake."

"The rules? They're simple. We each have four woods and we play eleven ends. At any one end, only one of us can score. And he scores 1, 2, 3 or 4 according to the number of woods that he gets in."

"Any money on it?"

"If you like. Here's one suggestion. A player receives one doubloon at an end where he gets one wood in; an additional two doubloons if he gets a second wood in; three more doubloons when he scores with a third wood; four more when he scores with a fourth wood."

"So my maximum liability," said Frobisher, "is one hundred and ten doubloons?"

"That's right," said Drake. "A flea-bite, if we have any luck to-day."

Actually, no money changed hands, though Drake had nine winning woods while Frobisher only had six.

At how many ends was Frobisher successful?

PROBLEM 236.—MR. GAMBITT'S TOURNAMENT

Clearly, the number of games in each class belongs to the series 2, 6, 12, 20, 30, etc., i.e. $n(n-1)$.

Hence all we have to do is to experiment with numbers in this series.

It will be found that the only series conforming to the data is:

		Players I	Players II
1st year	180 (90 + 90)	10	10
2nd ,, ...	182 (110 + 72)	11	9
3rd ,, ...	184 (182 + 2)	14	2
4th ,, ...	186 (156 + 30)	13	6
5th ,, ...	188 (182 + 6)	14	3

(The alternative solution for 188 is excluded.)

Hence this year there were 14 players in the first class.

Some competitors have assumed that the phrase "for the last four years the total number of games played has *each year* shown an increase of two games on the number played the year before" refers to a total of four years only. *Pace* my argumentative friend "Arithmedicus," it cannot reasonably bear this interpretation.

PROBLEM 235.—AN AFFAIR OF HONOURS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. S. G. Rutherford, 19 Tolver Place, Penzance.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 234.—THE BUNMOW FLITCH

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. M. Herbert, 29 Cheniston Gardens, W.8.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

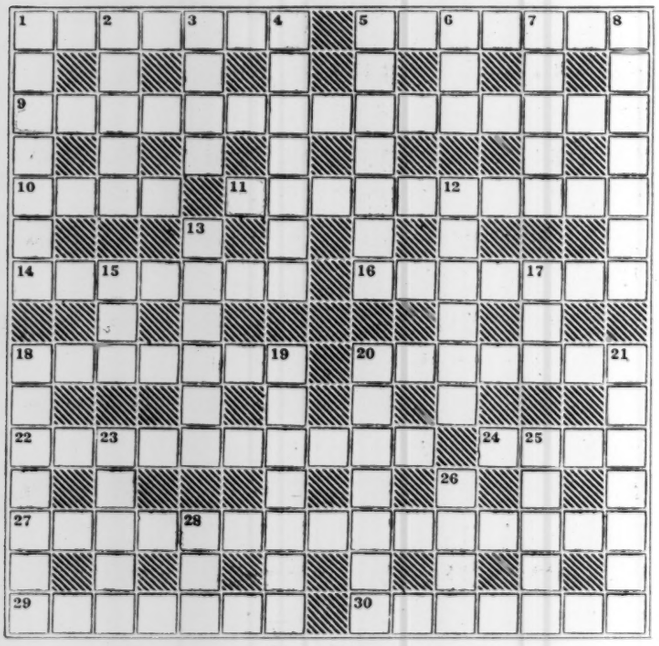
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 385

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss Lyford, 22 Hawthorn Road, Sutton, Surrey

All clues refer to a well-known novel.

ACROSS

1. The hero's profession. (7)
5. The hero's was Gandish. (7)
9. The fictitious author. (15)
10. de Florac eventually became Duke of it. (4)
11. The Mother-in-Law's nickname. (10)
14. Where the hero found his first love. (7)
16. Barnes left his first children to beg in them. (7)
18. The hero met a crowd of relations on a regiment of them on the Continent. (7)
20. Same as one of 18, & suitable name for Belsize? (7)
22. Roman General name for the old Colonel. (10)
24. The heroine so ticketed herself. (4)
27. One of the Colonel's twin brothers. (15)
29. Religion of the Colonel's stepmother. (7)
30. Two of these bright periods passed in a decade. (7)

DOWN

1. Miss Cann was an accomplished one. (7)
2. What they finally did do to the Dowager. (5)
3. It was not a success when the Colonel made it grandly. (4)
4. What the hero was enabled to do with 11's lost money. (7)
5. The drink the Colonel preferred when under canvas? (7)
6. See 28 (3)
7 (rev.) This chapter tells of Miss Honeyman's. (5)
8. Most characters met at German ones. (7)
12. The Colonel's fortune was far from it after Rummun Loll's death. (6)
13. The Colonel sold three before rejoining his Regiment. (6)
15. See 17. (3)
17 (rev) & 15 (rev). Honorable thing the hero once made to Barnes. (3)
18. Character of the heroine's eldest brother. (7)
19. Miss Honeyman's was always Sally. (7)
20. 9 wrote for one. (7)
21. Tinged the Colonel's last years. (7)
23. The heroine nearly married two. (5)
25. "Mille fleurs" was Honeyman's favourite. (5)
26. F.B. always does till his fortune turns. (4)
28 (rev) & 6. What Barnes's lies did to the Colonel. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

L	O	S	E	R	■	C	O	U	R	T	S	H	O	E
A	■	T	■	E	■	A	■	P	■	R	■	O	■	A
D	E	A	T	H	T	R	A	P	■	A	N	N	A	S
Y	■	I	■	E	■	M	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	E
B	A	R	R	A	G	E	■	R	E	L	A	Y	E	D
I	■	■	■	T	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	C	■	■
R	A	D	I	S	H	■	B	E	D	R	O	O	M	S
D	■	O	■	■	■	H	■	N	■	■	■	M	■	I
S	T	O	C	K	P	O	T	■	G	A	M	B	O	L
■	■	R	■	N	■	U	■	A	■	L	■	■	■	K
C	U	P	T	I	E	S	■	B	E	A	N	R	O	W
U	■	O	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	H	■	O
B	E	S	E	T	■	F	R	O	N	T	D	O	O	R
E	■	T	■	E	■	L	■	A	■	O	■	N	■	M
D	E	S	T	R	O	Y	E	D	■	R	E	E	L	S

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ASHDOWN FOREST.—Unique guest house, off main road. Lovely views, unspoilt country. Riding, walking, golf. Aga cooking, running water, modern beds. 4 *gns.* weekly, 3½ *gns.* monthly, 35s. week-ends, 42 miles London. Main line one mile, trains met. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex. Telephone: Buxted 248.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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GT. MISSENDEN, Bucks. Little Georgian house in an orchard; glorious country; civilised comfort and cooking; 40s. weekly, week-ends £1. WILLIAMS, Whitefield Cottage. Tel. 127.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET OUTLOOK FOR INDUSTRIALS—EXPANDING WORLD TRADE—THE FRANC

THE London Stock Exchange has so far refused to follow the buoyant lead of New York. The optimists argue that just as New York recovered on better political news from the home front, so London will recover on getting better news from the European fronts. The pessimists, however, reply that British industrial ordinary shares cannot rise if (1) the gilt-edged market remains reactionary, and (2) if industrial profits have reached their peak. As regards (1) the precariousness of the budget balance will hardly admit any great recovery in the gilt-edged market. If the new N.D.C. does not produce the estimated yield of revenue, more taxation or more borrowing will have to be resorted to. The fall in ordinary share values (raising the dividend yields) was necessitated by the decline in the gilt-edged market to a 3½ per cent. yield basis, and any further decline in the latter would act as a drag upon ordinary share prices. At best the optimists can only hope for a consolidation of the gilt-edged market on its present yield basis. As regards (2) the *Economist* index of industrial profits (based on the results of selected companies reporting in each quarter) still shows a strongly upward trend for the first half of 1937. But the rise in costs has not yet had time to be adequately reflected in the profits of industrial companies reporting in the quarter ending June. The latest figures of "building plans approved" show that the rise in costs has already begun to slow down private building:

BUILDING PLANS APPROVED.

	Jan.–June, 1936.	Jan.–June, 1937.
Dwelling Houses	£39,015,000	£33,747,000
Other Buildings	21,879,000	24,080,000
Total	£60,894,000	£57,827,000

These figures do not include London and cover only 45 per cent. of total building activity, but as the building and contracting industry is highly sensitive to price changes, they may be regarded as giving a warning to the investor. The truth is that industrial profits outside the specialised armament trades are probably at their peak. The market has already begun to act on this assumption by allowing building shares to yield over 10 per cent., the leading cement shares 5 per cent. and the motor shares 6 per cent.

* * *

There are, of course, exceptions to every rule. The oil industry has certainly not reached the peak of its earnings and the leading oil shares can safely be purchased at present market prices. Moreover, commodity shares, after the flurry in the first quarter of the year when commodity prices were unduly boosted by the great "inflation" gamble, do not appear too high at their present lower levels. I particularly favour tin shares with lead-zinc and copper following in that order. Finally, export and shipping shares can be bought on the prospect of improving international trade. Here are examples of the shares which should do well:

	Price.	Est. Dividend %	Est. Gross Div. Yield £ s. d.
Oil.			
Anglo-Iranian £1	4 7/16	20	4 10 0
Burmah Oil £1	6⅜	32½	4 13 0*
Shell Transport and Trading £1 ..	5½	20 net	4 17 0
Base Metal.			
British Tin Investment 10/– ..	22/–	15	6 16 3
Zinc Corporation 10/–	5¾	80	7 17 9*
Shipping.			
Court Lines 6/8	22/1½	48†	14 9 3†
King Line £1	28/9	32†	22 5 3†
France Fenwick £1	30/6	20†	13 2 3†

* Equivalent gross after allowing for reduced rate of income tax.
† Estimated earnings or earnings yields.

The shipping shares are the "tramp" lines to which I have already called attention. The big shipping shares are relatively not so cheap. The Furness Withy 3 per cent. dividend came as a distinct shock to the market which had looked for 4 per cent., and the £1 ordinary shares fell to 27*s.* against a 1937 "high" of 31*s.* 6*d.*

* * *

Holders of shipping and other "international trade" shares will derive some encouragement from the League's "Review of World Trade" published this week. By 1936 the quantum of world trade had recovered to 85.5 per cent. of its 1929 level, and in the first quarter of 1937 it showed an advance of nearly 12 per cent. as compared with a year ago. The rate of growth, which was barely 5 per cent. per annum in 1935–36, has recently been substantially accelerated. In the case of foodstuffs and manufactured articles tariffs and quota restrictions based on conceptions of autarky are preventing the process of recovery from going as far as would be desirable, and the "Review" shows clearly the extent to which international exchanges have been and still are impeded and distorted by bilateral pacts. Trade, however, in raw materials has now re-attained its pre-depression volume, and despite the multitudinous barriers which have been erected, the recovery as a whole is impressive from the cargo shipping standpoint.

* * *

The franc has been under renewed selling pressure, and on Thursday morning touched 135 to the pound sterling, with a three months' forward rate of over 140. The French investor was clearly "rattled" by the size of the vote at the Marseilles Socialist Congress against co-operation with MM. Chautemps and Bonnet. Estimates of the probable life of the present Government have been revised downwards, and there has been further expatriation of liquid capital on a considerable scale. The political background is discussed in an earlier page of this issue. From the technical standpoint of the exchange market it is questionable whether the franc may not have to depreciate considerably further before it can be given, even temporarily, reasonable stability. The "bear" position in francs which existed at the end of June has been largely closed; the gold and foreign exchange resources which the Equalisation Account has since acquired are modest; and there are definite limits to the extent to which the authorities can utilise the gold of the Bank of France as ammunition in the fray.

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At the beginning of this week the control steadied the rate by purchases of francs both "spot" and forward. A technique more astute and economical in the use of resources would be to allow the rate to slide to, say, 150 and endeavour to stage a rally which would lead to hurried closing of "short" positions and thus gain momentum after the initial stimulus of official intervention.

* * *

Much depends on the reception eventually accorded to M. Bonnet's promised programme of economies. If his estimates are not, as many think, unduly optimistic, his new taxes should produce a balance in the ordinary budget; but there is the problem of repaying or refinancing nearly 11 milliards of debt maturing in the autumn (including the sterling debt of 4.4 milliards) and over 16 milliards of extraordinary budget expenditure on defence, public utilities and works have to be met. The loan of 15 milliards from the Bank of France has eased the Treasury position for the moment, but much of this expenditure is recurring. If M. Bonnet is to reassure the bourgeoisie about the budgetary outlook, he must evidently wield a sharp axe. But if the edge cuts too deeply into the works programme initiated by M. Blum or the standard of life of *fonctionnaires* it may only too easily, in the exchange market's view, lop away the support on which the Government rests none too securely. M. Bonnet has announced that 6 milliards of 1937 and 25 milliards of 1938 extraordinary budget expenditure will be retrenched, thus reducing next year's uncovered outgoings to 15.5 milliards. Details of the cuts which the Cabinet has approved are not yet available, and it remains to be seen how much opposition they will evoke. The gold content of the franc has been formally adjusted from 49 to 43 milligrammes, and the "profit" from revaluation of the gold reserves is to be utilised as a fund for supporting Rentes. The resignation of M. Labeyrie from the governorship of the Bank of France and his replacement by M. Fournier is to be regarded as a further concession by the Government to financial "orthodoxy." The reaction of the Bourse to this news was at first favourable and Rentes rallied. Second thoughts, however, led to the belief that, if there is to be a real reversal of expansionist policy, the result may be an economic slump. The renewed fall in the franc followed consequentially.

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Company Meeting

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

INCREASE OF CAPITAL

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

The 13th ordinary general meeting of the Covent Garden Properties Company Limited was held on Friday, July 16th, at the Hotel Victoria, London.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (the chairman) said that the profit for the year amounted to £281,000; the income from rents, tolls and interest on investments was £252,387, an increase of some £24,000. The balance of revenue arose from the profit on sale of properties, which amounted to £29,208. Last year he had foreshadowed an increase in their revenue during the next two years of some £30,000, of which £24,000 had materialised during the present year, and the balance should be more than made up in 1938. For the tenth successive year the directors were recommending an Ordinary dividend of 7½ per cent., notwithstanding that during this period the rates payable in respect of Covent Garden Market had materially increased—this year alone over £4,000—and in the last eight years these rates had increased to the extent of £12,000, which was equivalent to almost 2½ per cent. on their Ordinary share capital.

The policy of the board had not been merely to confine itself to the purchase of properties producing fixed incomes, but also to buy properties with reversionary values. In the latter case, of course, it had meant taking a smaller present income than one would receive on ordinary purchases.

The success of that policy was evidenced by the fact that during the last ten years they had realised from the sales of properties alone upwards of £400,000, and on the basis of the last valuation the difference between the book value and the estimated selling value was equivalent to over 100 per cent. on their Ordinary shares.

At an extraordinary general meeting to be held following this meeting shareholders would be asked to authorise the increase of the Ordinary share capital to £1,300,000 by the creation of a further 650,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each; they had decided to issue the whole of those shares on bonus terms to existing Ordinary shareholders. The board were of opinion that the dividend of 7½ per cent. on the increased capital should be maintained.

The report was unanimously adopted, and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting the increase of capital was unanimously approved.

Company Meeting

UNITED DOMINIONS TRUST

FURTHER PROGRESS.

The fifteenth annual general meeting of United Dominions Trust, Ltd., was held on July 21 at Regis House, King William Street, E.C.

Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie (chairman and managing director), in the course of his speech, said: Ladies and Gentlemen, for a succession of years it has been my privilege annually to announce to you a record both in the volume of business and in profits earned. The year just ended is again a record and the report and accounts in your hands disclose a position of strength which should make you well satisfied with the security and value of your investment. The profit for the year, after making provision for rebate of interest, bad debts and contingencies, has now reached £201,802.

In all departments the volume has increased during the year under review. Industrial activity has created a bigger demand for equipment and there has been a corresponding need of credit facilities. As we are prepared to finance the sale and purchase of every kind of machinery, no reputable manufacturer or trader need any longer work under the handicap of obsolete or inefficient plant for lack of the money to buy.

Your Board have decided that the time has come to offer the 75,000 ordinary shares still unissued. By the issue of these shares we shall bring our ordinary capital to the round half million pounds and we shall again substantially increase our general reserve. With regard to the offer of preference shares, that offer is being made to you on behalf of the Bank of England on generous terms.

The agricultural department which we organised a few years ago has expanded considerably and to-day it is handling an important volume of business and we are rendering a notable service to this very important industry. The facilities we offer the farmer cover livestock and dead stock, and there are many farmers in Great Britain who have cause to thank us that their farms are now adequately supplied with livestock and the mechanical devices which modern conditions have made essential.

Our business is not only well spread through many industries—and this is a material factor in the stability of the company—it is also well spread throughout Great Britain and Ireland. During the year we have opened four additional branch offices in districts where our business had grown sufficiently to justify them, and further offices will be opened as required.

The report was unanimously adopted and a final dividend of 11½ per cent. making 17½ per cent. for the year, was approved.

PERIODICAL ROOM